

V. 39

S

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

May

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

Bette Davis

JITTERBUGS DOOMED? SEE PAGE 24
WHY MOVIE STARS HIDE OUT IN THE DESERT
MY STRANGEST YEAR BY ROBERT TAYLOR HIMSELF

PN 1993
. S35

I am Heathcliff...

I married a woman

I loathe...to *spite*

the one woman

I love!

Samuel Goldwyn, Hollywood's premier showman, creates the season's outstanding screen drama ... a truly great picture, adapted by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur from the powerful novel by Emily Brontë.

It is coming soon to your favorite theatre... watch for it!



SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

A Story of Vengeful, Thwarted Love

co-starring MERLE OBERON • LAURENCE OLIVIER • DAVID NIVEN

with Flora Robson • Donald Crisp • Geraldine Fitzgerald • *Released thru* United Artists

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

Once the spell is broken tears won't bring him back!



No girl need risk losing romance — when MUM so surely guards charm!

62

HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises to love her always—how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed—and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool...there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that the freshness of a bath soon fades. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—never odor to come. That's why it's so important *never* to neglect Mum! Mum keeps you fresh *all day*. More women use Mum than any other

deodorant. It's so pleasant...so easy to use...so sure to guard your charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm—under that—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric—use it even *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum is soothing to your skin!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. With Mum, you're sure underarm odor won't break the spell of your charm. Mum keeps you *always* fresh!

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know that it's gentle and safe!

SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

COMING!

NORVELL

AS A MONTHLY FEATURE

IN SCREENLAND!

Such was the remarkable response to a single Norvell feature in this magazine that we have arranged for the noted Hollywood astrologer to conduct a regular monthly department for us, exclusive in the screen magazine field.

Beginning next month—with the June issue—SCREENLAND will present Norvell, who will write a feature article in every issue, make interesting predictions as to futures of famous film stars, and, of even greater interest, offer YOU clues to your own future by means of his astrological deductions.

Watch then for Norvell, in SCREENLAND every issue. Get your June copy and read Norvell and other strong features. Remember—June issue, on sale May 3rd.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

May, 1939

Vol. XXXIX, No. 1

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COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY HURRELL

V. G. Heimbucher, President

Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher

D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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America's Songbird Chosen *Queen* of the Screen!

(22 Million Fans Voted
Her FIRST in a Great
National Newspaper Poll)



Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"

with LEW AYRES • IAN HUNTER • FRANK MORGAN



They parted when she won fame and he failed. Was their youthful love strong enough to bring him back?



Frank Morgan and a grand comic cast. Glamour of Broadway show world! Crowded with gorgeous girls!



Beautiful Jeanette dances, sings! Hear "Broadway Serenade", "Magic Melody", and others...



A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION • SCREENPLAY BY CHARLES LEDERER
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"IMAGINE ME...IN LOVE WITH A TAXI DRIVER..."



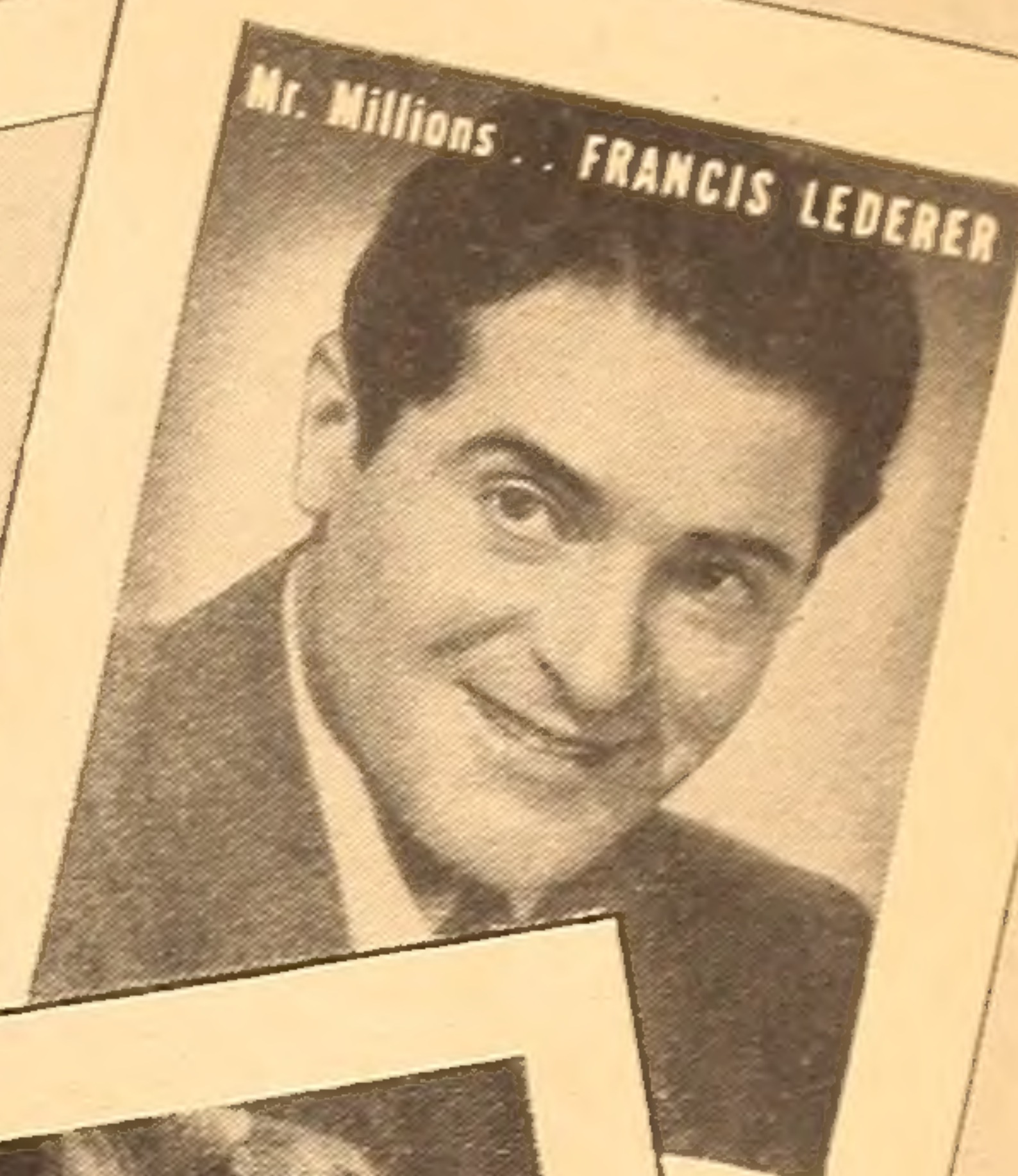
Dear Irish,

Has your little friend Eve got herself a headache! When I hit la belle Paree, I had one pawn ticket and a rained out evening dress. But you know me...never say die. With the old Park Ave. technique, I'm batting in high society in half an hour. An old gaffer is willing to put your little friend on the payroll to get his Mrs. back in line. Seems she is that way about a smoothie young Mr. Millions and all I have to do is make Mr. Millions forget the old gaffer's wife.

So why the headache? Listen. with
all the taxi drivers in New York.
I have to go and fall for a Paris
taxi driver. Believe it or not,
this hard little heart cracks
like Broadway asphalt in a heat
wave. Imagine me in love with a
cabbie. We're gonna put a pair
of water wings on his old bus
and drive back to Broadway
And none of your fancy tricks
either. Hands off.

Your favorite girl friend.

Eve



Paramount Presents

Claudette Colbert

Don Ameche

in

"MIDNIGHT"

with

John Barrymore · Francis Lederer

Mary Astor · Elaine Barrie

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy
Wilder · Based on a story by Edwin Justus
Mayer and Franz Schulz

DIRECTED BY MITCHELL LEISEN



Hat by Sally Victor

LUXOR *"Feather-Cling"* Face Powder has a Light Touch!

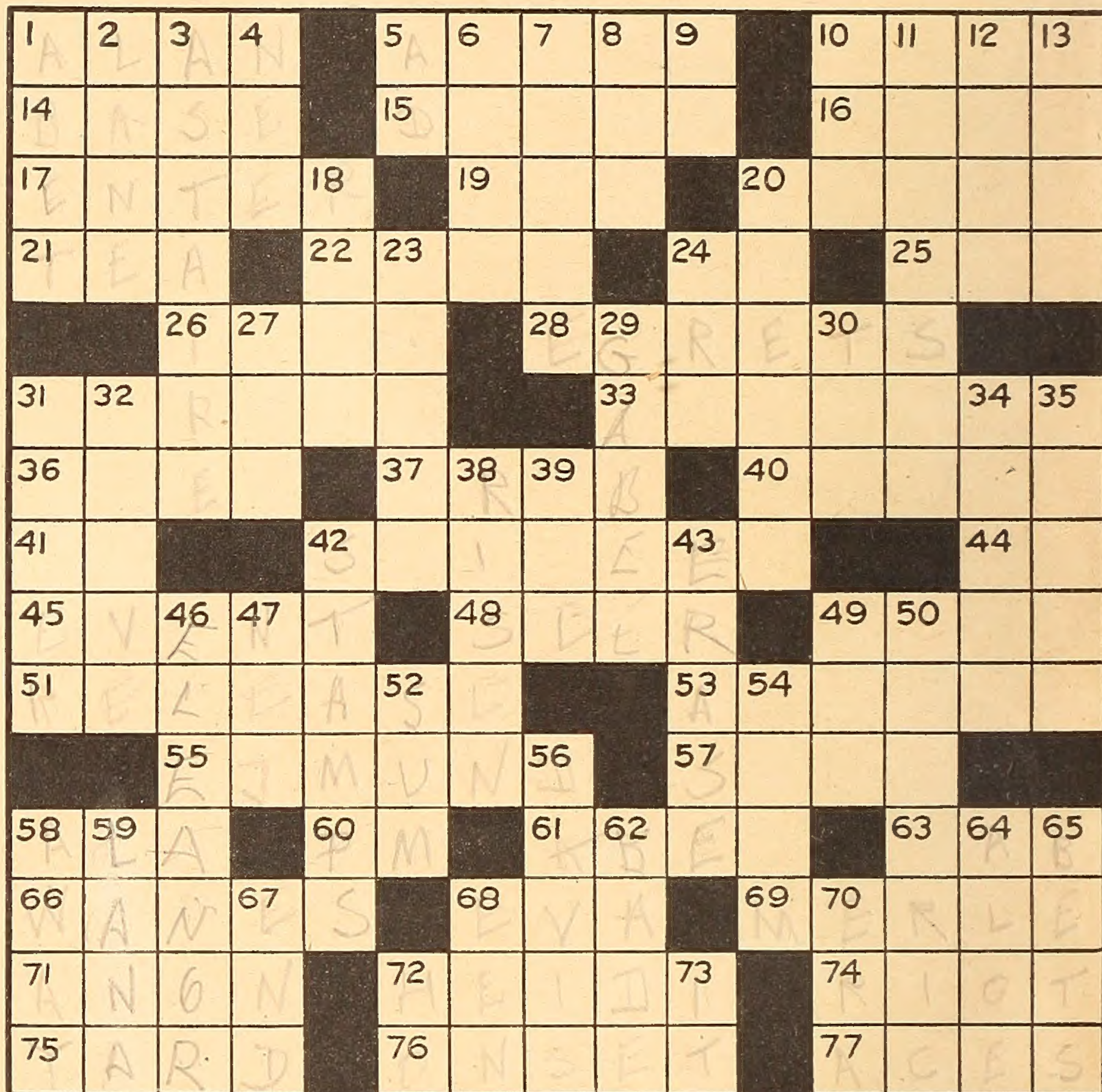
Your smartest Spring bonnet will lose its stylish effect if you couple it with a heavy face powder. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.

SC-5-39

Luxor Ltd.
 Chicago, Ill.
 I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural... Rachel... Brunette...
 Rachel... Rachel No. 2... Brunette...
 Rose Rachel (very popular)...
 Send my free trial package to
 Name.....
 Address..... State.....
 City.....
 (This offer not good in Canada)

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

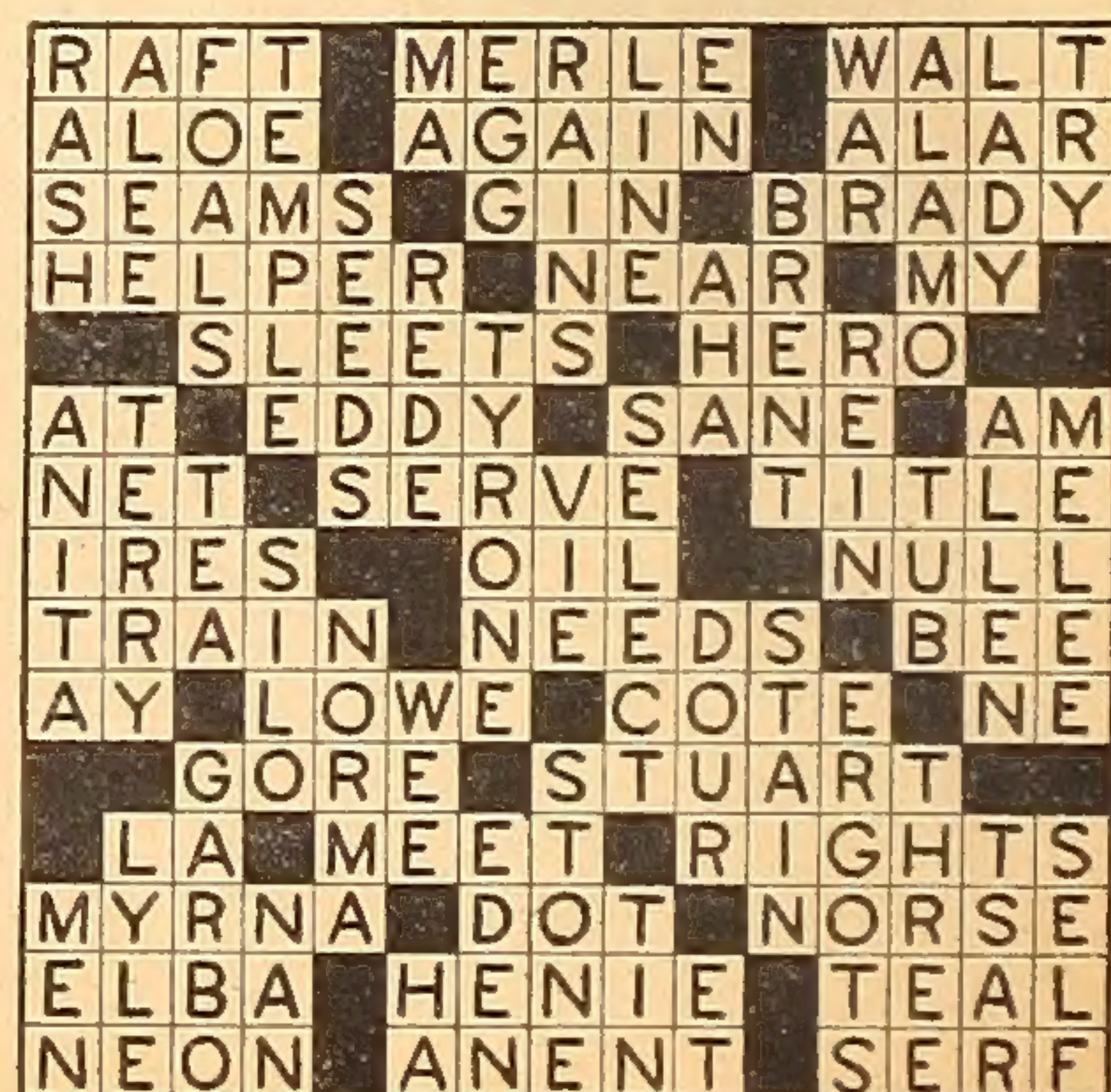


- ACROSS

 - Leading man in "Four Girls in White"
 - She co-stars in "Tail Spin"
 - He played Johnnie in "The Arkansas Traveler"
 - Foundation
 - English star of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"
 - Sister Madeline in "Made For Each Other"
 - Come in
 - Furniture truck
 - More colorless
 - Afternoon drink
 - He's featured in "Fast and Loose"
 - European measure of area
 - What a star's contract is signed in
 - Not working
 - Heron
 - Star of "The Kid From Kokomo"
 - Deeds
 - Co-star of "Cafe Society"
 - A shell-fish
 - Mortise joint
 - Note of the scale
 - The box-office baby!
 - Behold!
 - Happening, incident
 - Prophet
 - Far away
 - To set free
 - He co-stars in "Juarez"
 - He's featured in "Newsboys' Home"
 - Dry
 - Southern state (abbrev.)
 - Afternoon (Abbrev.)
 - He's featured in "King of the Turf"
 - To pat on (as face powder)
 - Lessens
 - Character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
- DOWN

 - To support
 - He's featured in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
 - His new role is Vernon Castle
 - Born
 - Printed notice (abbrev.)
 - He plays Colonel Weed in "Gunga Din"
 - Pointless
 - Tin container
 - And (French)
 - What a sheep would say in a talkie
 - He's featured in "Next Time I Marry"
 - Ending to a prayer
 - A singing bird
 - A part in a film
 - Good-looking
 - Young woman
 - Kind of lamp used in film-making
 - Acted
 - So he's playing Rhett Butler at last!
 - What your hero wears round his neck
 - To tender
 - Courageous
 - He's featured in "St. Louis Blues"
 - To breathe noisily in sleep
 - Ascended
 - Part of to be
 - What you put on letters
 - To rub out
- Dancing star of "Honolulu"
 - Man's nickname
 - Prefix meaning air
 - Co-star of "Trade Winds"
 - Addition
 - Mrs. De Cava in "Peck's Bad Boy with the Circus"
 - Star of "Dark Victory"
 - Not here
 - "Mado" in "Dramatic School"
 - Commanded
 - Bitter drug
 - Wagers
 - Finish
 - Even (contraction)
 - Historical period
 - Exclamation
 - "Say—In French", a movie

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





SHE WAS ON THE JURY—

... not to decide a man's innocence or guilt, but to judge a new, different kind of tooth paste—to decide whether or not it was an improvement over older types, and if it offered more for her money in cleanliness, luster, freshness, and mouth stimulation.

On the same jury sat other women, hundreds of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, single women, young girls... rich, poor, in between... in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast cities. A critical jury, as all women are in judging articles that affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

And what was their verdict on the new Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam detergent? See how they voted:

Over a leading brand, the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two leading brands, it was a decided favorite. And over the fourth leading brand, it had a slight but definite edge.

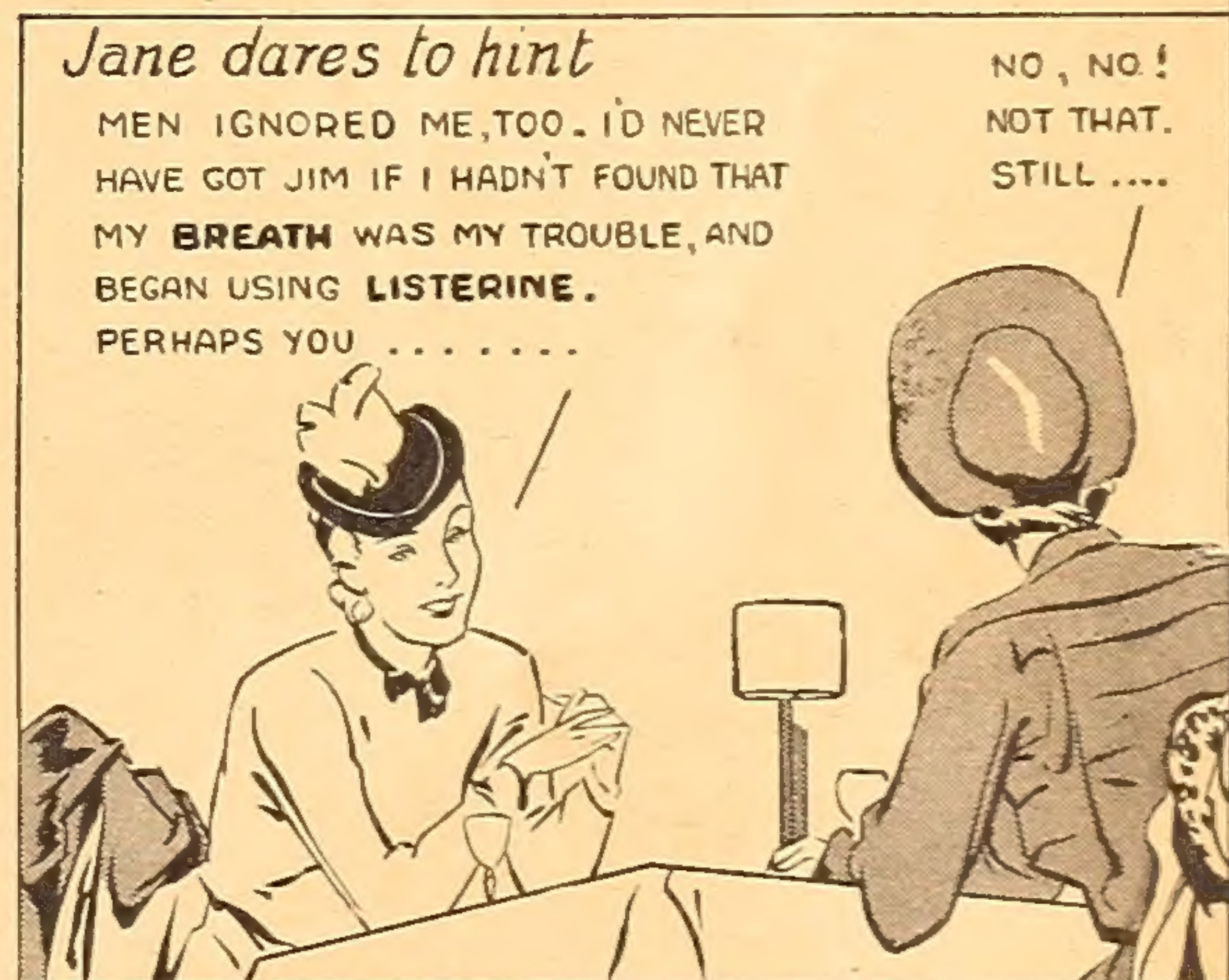
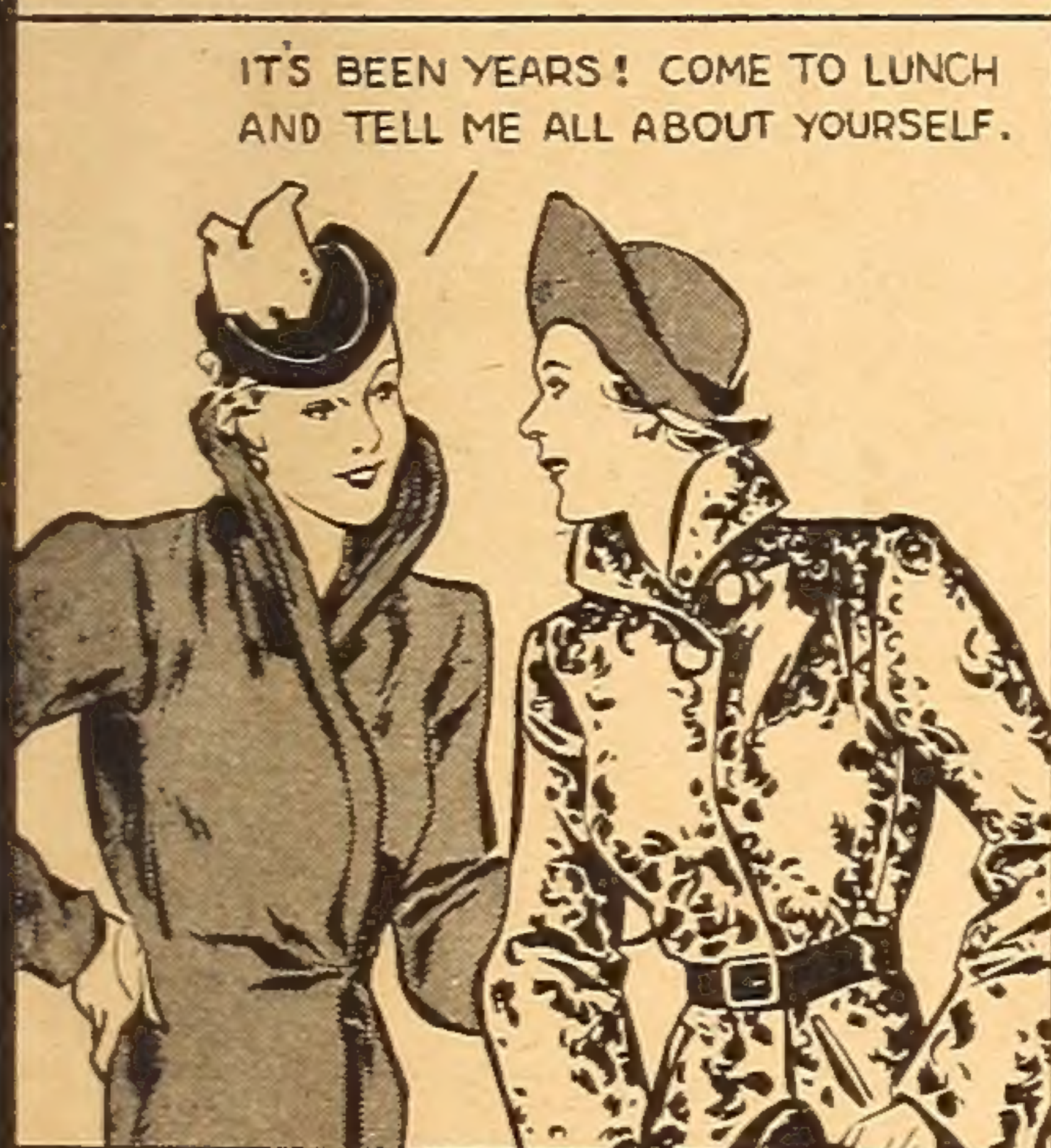
Their comments show why this new dentifrice won such high favor: "Like that dainty 'bubble bath' that Luster-Foam gives," said many. "Simply amazed, the way Luster-Foam cleans and brings out luster," exclaimed others. "Delighted with the wonderful feeling of freshness and mouth invigoration that lasted long after the tooth brushing was over," still others added.

See for yourself how the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent gets teeth super-clean. Any drug counter has it, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢; and big, double-size, containing more than 1/4 of a pound of dentifrice, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

MORE THAN
1/4 POUND OF TOOTHPASTE
IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE **40¢**
REGULAR SIZE TUBE
25¢

A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30



TO GIRLS WHO DON'T WANT TO STAY SINGLE

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



For halitosis (bad breath) use **LISTERINE**

**LONG KNOWN
TO DOCTORS ...**



**NOW DISCOVERED
BY WOMEN**

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

A new outlook on the whole hygienic problem of women is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented *internal absorbent*. This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for all classes of women.

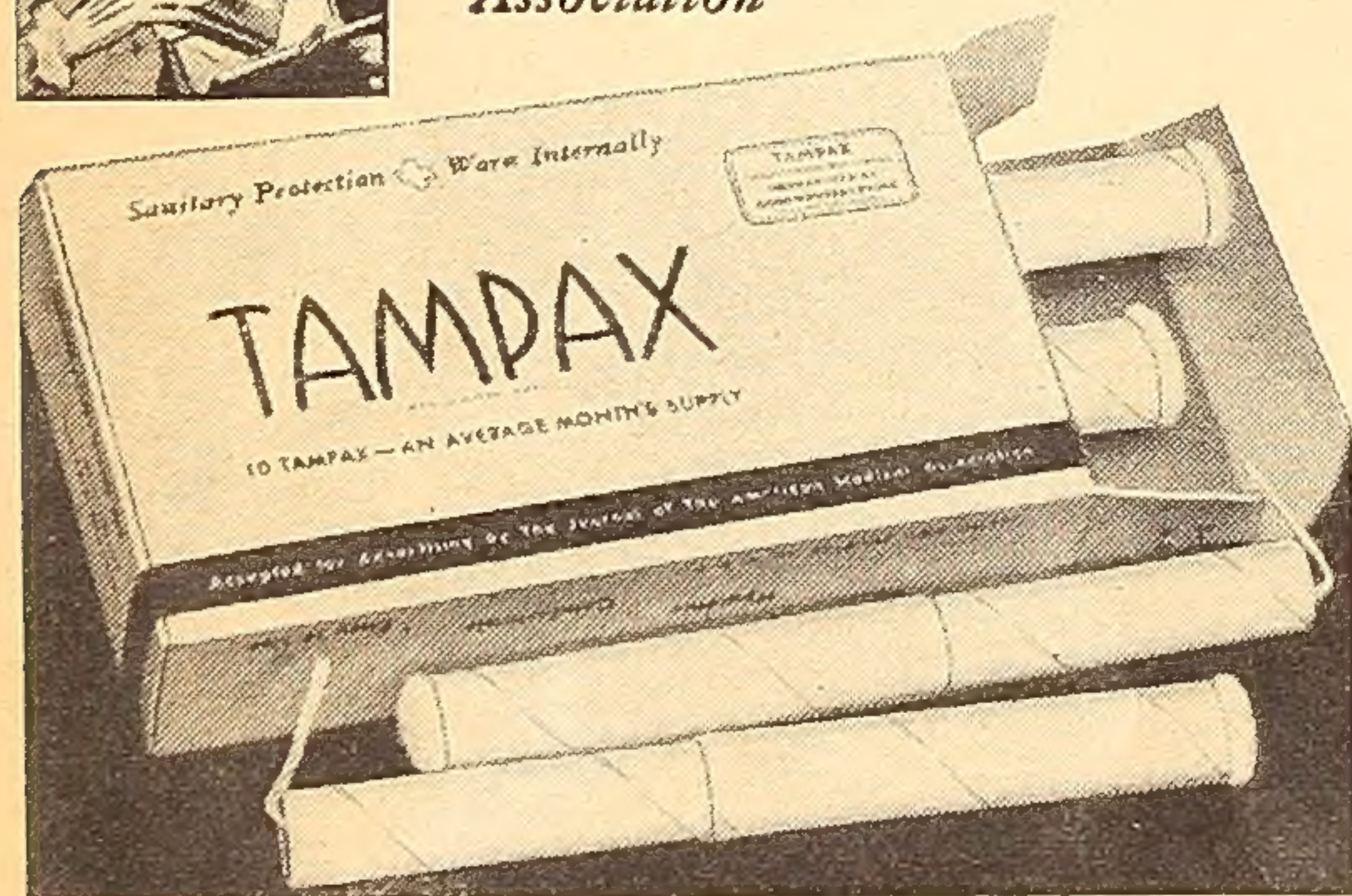
Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton; contains *no paper*. Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; no odor can form. Each individual Tampax is hygienically sealed in patented applicator—quite unlike any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Tampax and Junior Tampax. Month's supply 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.



"A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse"

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Send introductory package with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins). Size is checked below.

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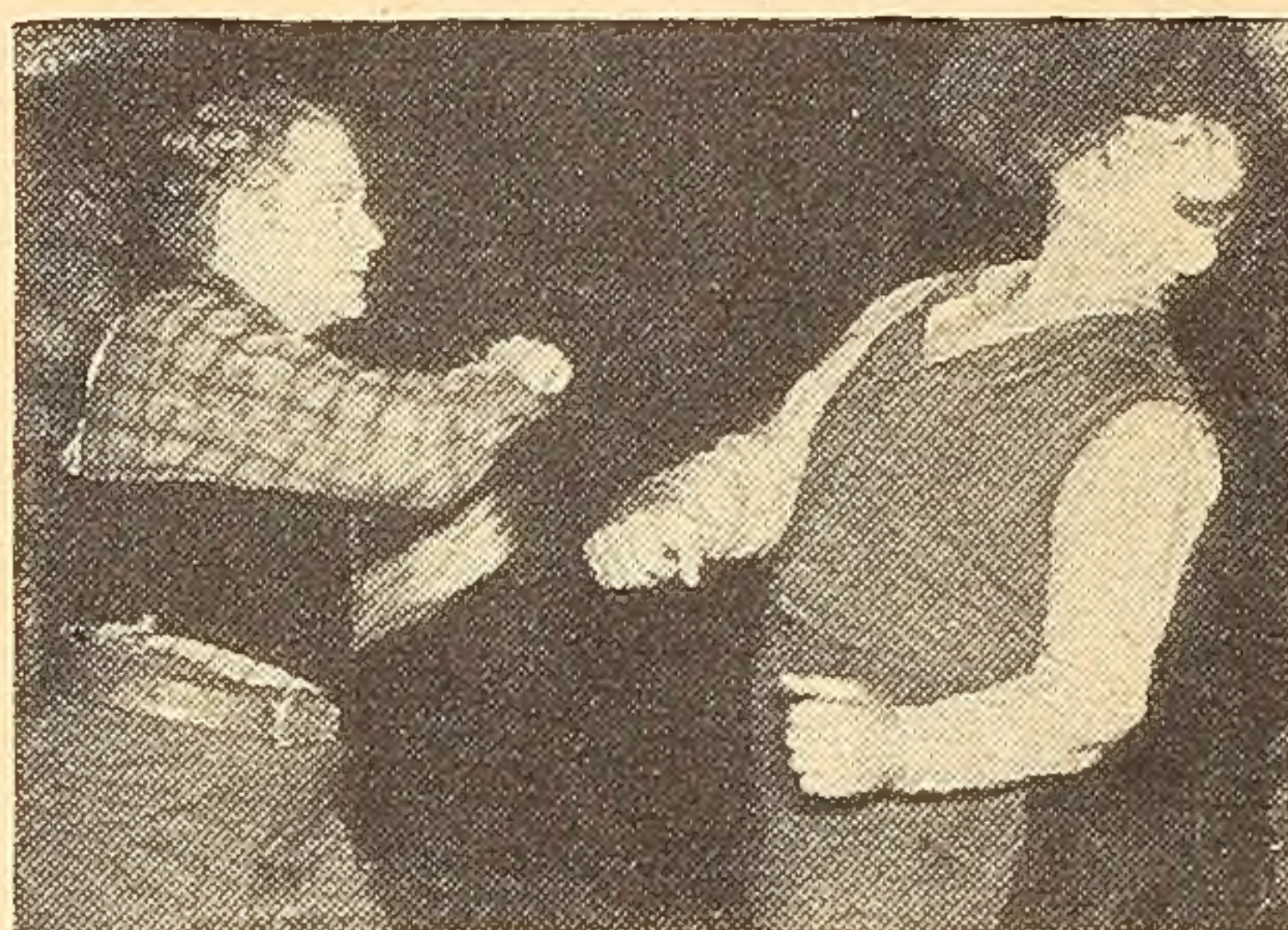
City _____ State _____

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Let
Freedom
Ring

M-G-M



A timely and patriotic film—one of the first in the cycle of American propaganda pictures—with a top-notch cast which has Nelson Eddy, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore, Victor McLaglen, Edward Arnold. A rousing story dealing with land-grabbing in days when our country was expanding westward. Eddy renders well-known ballads effectively and his fight with McLaglen is exciting. Everybody will like it.

Mystery
Plane

Mono-
gram



This is the first of a series of films based on Hal Forrest's comic strip, "Tailspin Tommy." It is packed with action and suspense and youngsters will go for it. The plot concerns a stunt flyer and his pals who are held captive by agents of foreign powers, bent on getting plans of their bombing device invention in which the U. S. Army is interested. John Trent, former TWA pilot, is convincing as Tommy.

The
Three
Musketeers

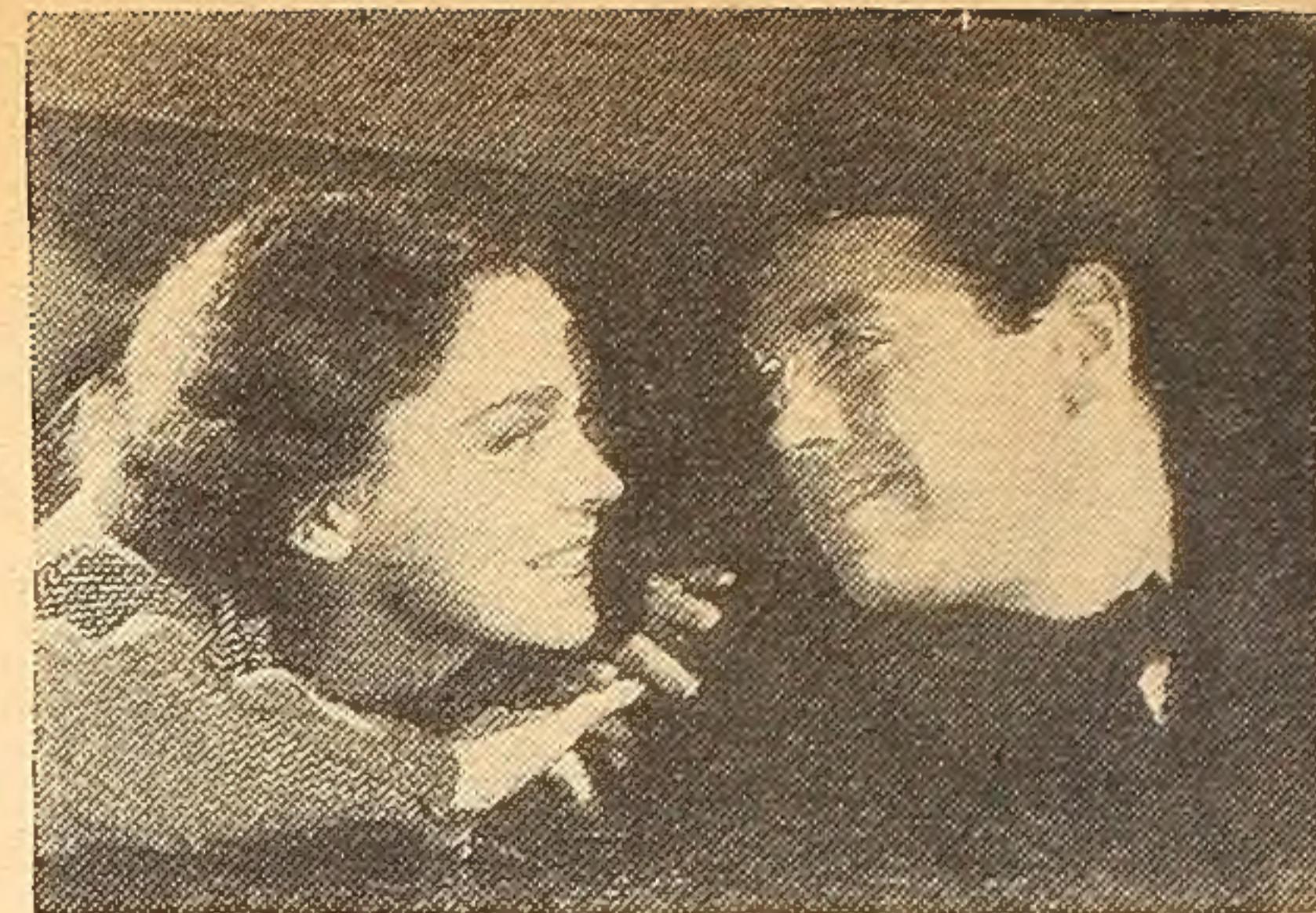
20th
Century-
Fox



Don D'Artagnan Ameche's picture by a wide, and gratifying, margin; with the Ritz Brothers bringing up laughs (good robust ones) and helping, via the "mistaken-identity" route, Musketeer Don retrieve the much coveted emeralds of the Queen. Tampering with the Dumas novel (no *lèse-majesté* from our viewpoint) the story has been adapted to entertaining modern purposes in this musical comedy form.

Let Us
Live

Columbia



An old story, but a human one, with some new angles. It is principally an indictment of modern methods of criminal detection through circumstantial evidence and mistaken eyewitness identification. Henry Fonda and Alan Baxter, accused of murder, are proven innocent and saved at the last hour because of efforts of Ralph Bellamy, police official, and Maureen O'Sullivan, engaged to Fonda. Entertaining.

Tail
Spin

20th
Century-
Fox



Women with wings can be as sentimental about their ships and pals of the profession as males. Or so you conclude after watching good performances by Alice Faye, Constance Bennett, Nancy Kelly, Joan Davis and other always pleasing Hollywood girls in this stereotyped story about flying as a fad, as it is for rich Constance, or a grub-stake as it is for Alice and the others. Not very stirring, but a satisfactory film.

King of
the Turf

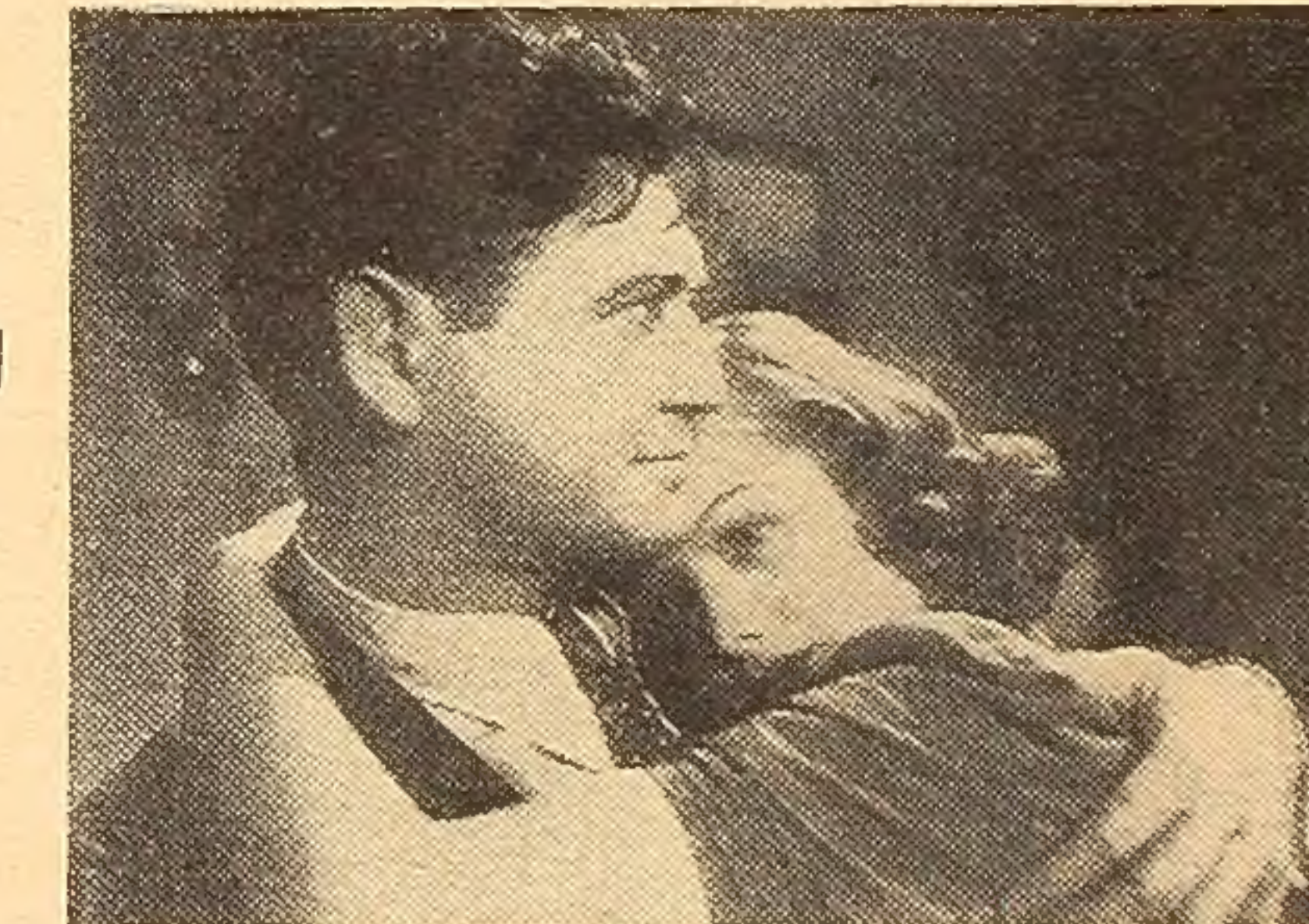
United
Artists



Now don't say you've seen too many films about racing already—not until after you've seen this, at least. Because while racing is all that it's about, even the galloping thoroughbreds and the exciting 'big race' itself, are secondary to the tremendously appealing father and son drama as played by Adolphe Menjou (never more impressive) and the remarkable young Roger Daniel. Not romantic, but sentimental.

Twelve
Crowded
Hours

RKO-
Radio



A thrilling melodrama which moves fast and gets under way without much to-do. Richard Dix continues as one of the films' smoothest and most finished players in the rôle of Nick Green, crime reporter. The plot revolves around collection night for a numbers racket and Dix's efforts to expose the gang. Cyrus W. Kendall skilfully plays the policy baron, Lucille Ball the heart interest with Allan Lane as her brother.

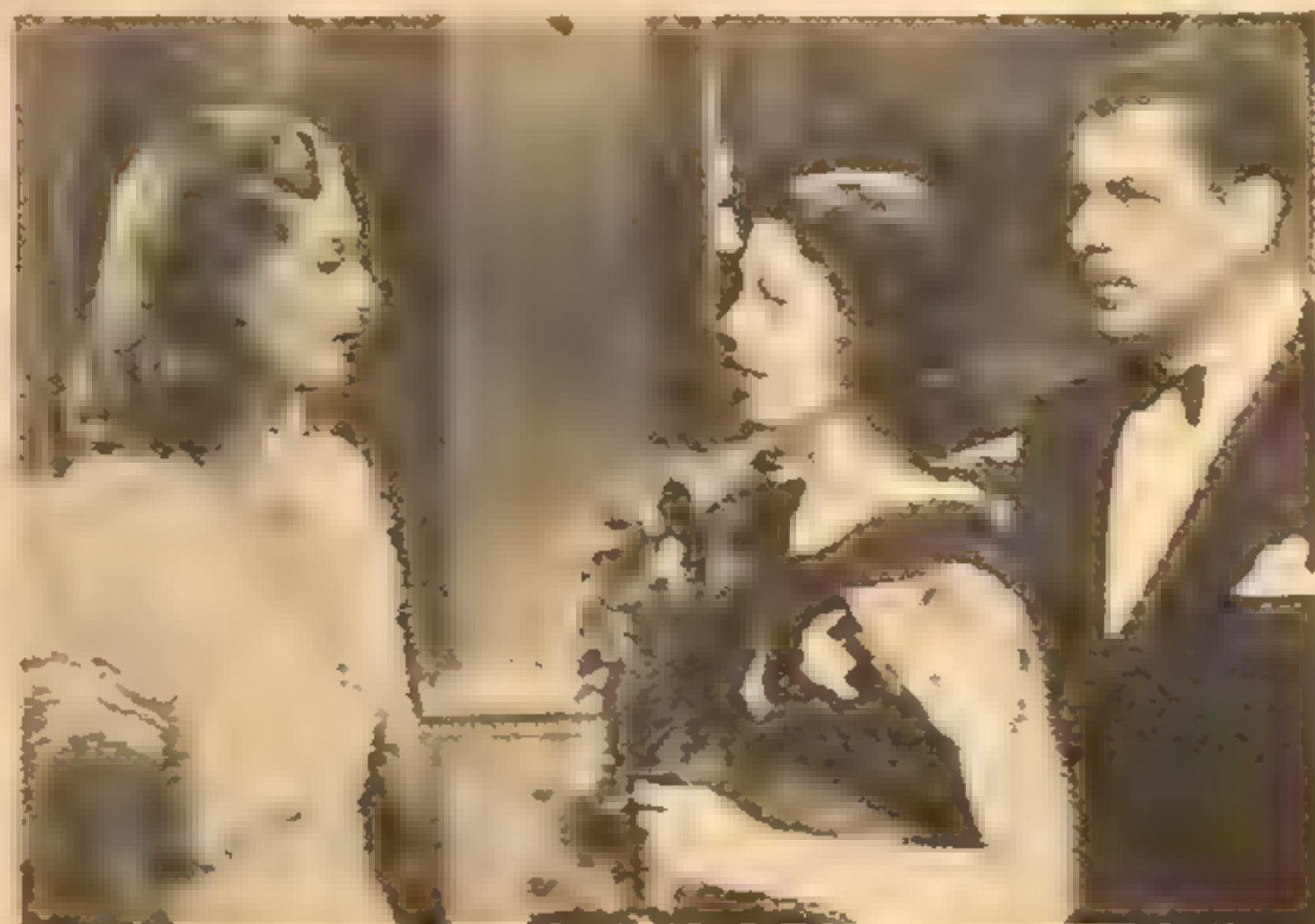
Honolulu
M-G-M



You'll have a good time seeing this very funny comedy in which the four principals are given an opportunity to do the things they do so well. Eleanor Powell dances delightfully and Robert Young expertly handles the dual rôle of a movie star who has a double. It's a series of amusing situations and mixups suited to the Burns and Allen comedy talents with Gracie doing more than her share of gumming things up.

Wife,
Husband
and
Friend

20th
Century-
Fox



If you like your movies sprinkled with breezy dialogue be sure to see this one, but don't expect a triangle picture as the title implies. Loretta Young and Warner Baxter make up the connubial pair of this light-hearted comedy about a wife with only a mediocre voice and operatic ambitions. Binnie Barnes so ably plays the rôle of the friend, a famous prima donna, that she comes very close to stealing the picture.

The
Saint
Strikes
Back

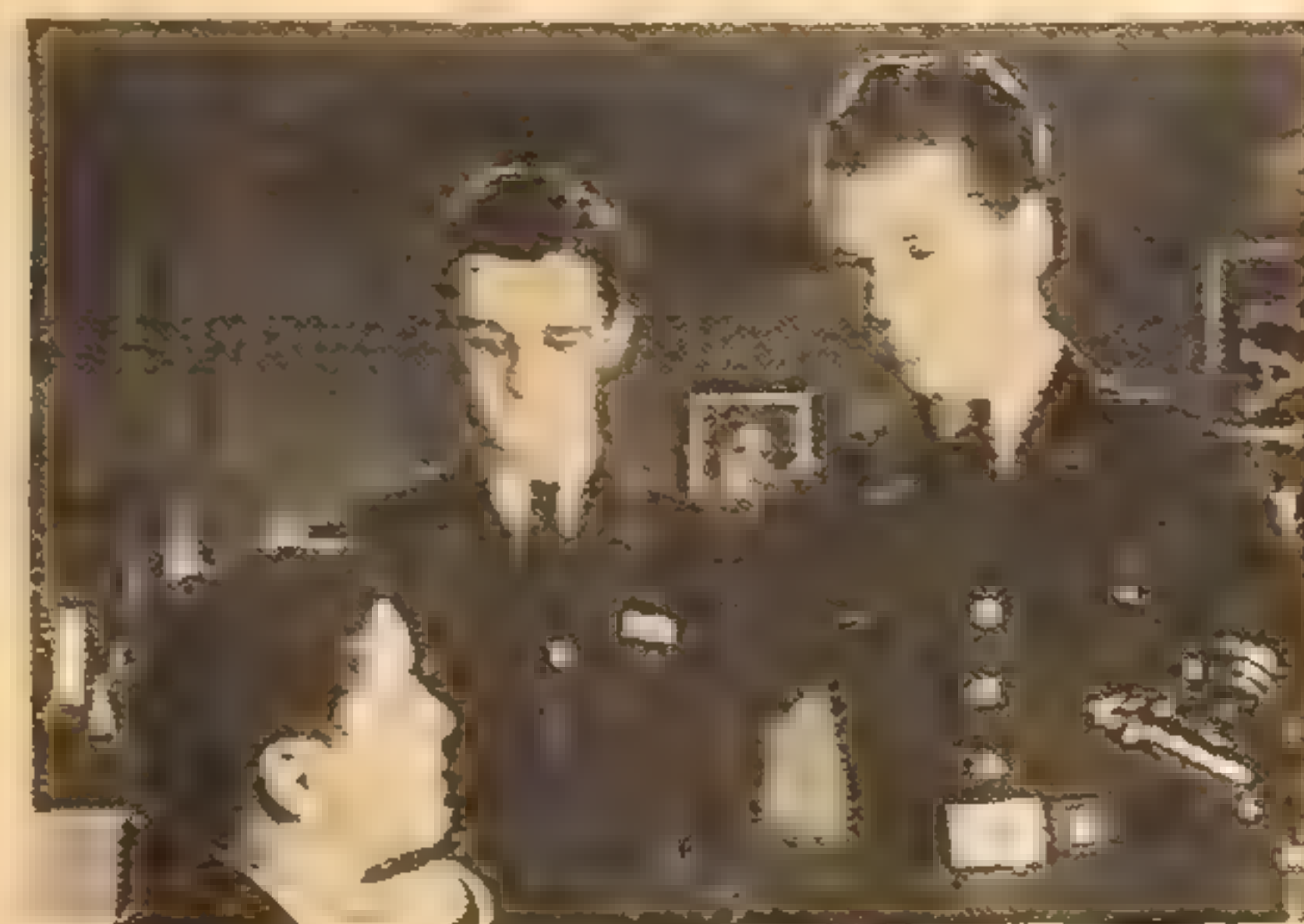
RKO-
Radio



"The Saint" returns to the screen in the second of a series based on the widely-read mystery stories by Leslie Charteris. It unfolds the further exploits of this modern Robin Hood and at times the plot goes beyond the point of belief, but George Sanders as *Simon Templar* interprets the rôle with such consummate skill that anything seems possible. Wendy Barry is fine, too, as the romantic semi-gangstress.

Spirit of
Culver

Universal



The trend toward patriotic and American films brings this touching melodrama of youth in a military academy. It shows the advantages of military school training for boys. The rôles of two cadets are capably handled by Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, but Jackie's performance as the embittered and underprivileged lad who is sent to Culver on a scholarship is outstanding. Excellent for youth, but good for all.

*Sturdi-flex— ideal figure fabric... says Hollywood Designer



"I have found Sturdi-flex the ideal figure fabric for sculpturing and idealizing the lines of the average woman because its controlled stretch retains the fluid curves and youthful lines of the natural figure."

IRENE SALTERN
Designer
REPUBLIC PICTURES
producers of
"MAN OF
CONQUEST"



- Adjustable Shoulder Straps
- Brocaded Panel Boned for Abdominal Support
- Shaped insert of soft firm fabric for definite uplift
- New needle-point ventilations
- Slide-fastened Back
- Adjustable Garters **\$3.50**

YOU, too, can look **SLENDER** in a figure-perfecting **STURDI-FLEX** of controlled-stretch rubber! Sturdi-flex is a patented rubber fabric, perspiration-inducing, **ODORLESS**, perforated, easily washed. It smooths unwanted bulges and bumps into firmer, more youthful lines—**AT ONCE!** Just go to the Notion Counter of your favorite store and choose the style and size that will do the most for **YOU**. A wide variety of step-ins from \$1.25 and **ALL-IN-ONES** from **\$2** up.

Kleinert's

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada

TORONTO . . . NEW YORK . . . LONDON



No newcomer to fans of "Western" films, but a novelty to audiences of the "epic" pictures, John Wayne is now a solidly established star, thanks to "Stagecoach." See him here as he looks in the big new Walter Wanger film; at upper right, with Claire Trevor in a scene.

LEAN and lanky, graceful as a panther, lithe as a lariat and picturesque as a Remington cowboy bronze, young John Wayne has been around the screens for a long time. But not until Wanger picked him for the lead in the important new super-Western, "Stagecoach," did Wayne have his chance to impress in a big-time rôle. Now, a real hit, he strides the screen and looks forward to a "Gary Cooper" career.

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Cowboy comes into his own! John Wayne hops "Stagecoach" and rides into success



THE PORTRAIT OF A FREE SOUL



NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen's most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman's love that the world has yet seen. See "Dark Victory," a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!

LASHES



ON THE UPSWING

• The hair is swept up this year, and so are the lashes! KURLASH curls them away from the eyes, lets in more light, makes the eyes look bigger and brighter. It's quick and painless to use, effective for hours afterwards—and the price is only \$1.

And for *extra* lash-loveliness, be sure to use KURLENE—its rich natural oils keep lashes soft, easier to curl. A touch of KURLENE on the rubber bows of your KURLASH will give you a longer-lasting curl!

FREE—Your Eye Make-up Color Chart. Write Jane Heath, Dept. B-5. Give color of hair and eyes.

KURLASH

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
Rochester, N. Y. Canada, Toronto, 3

The Only Complete Eye-beauty Line

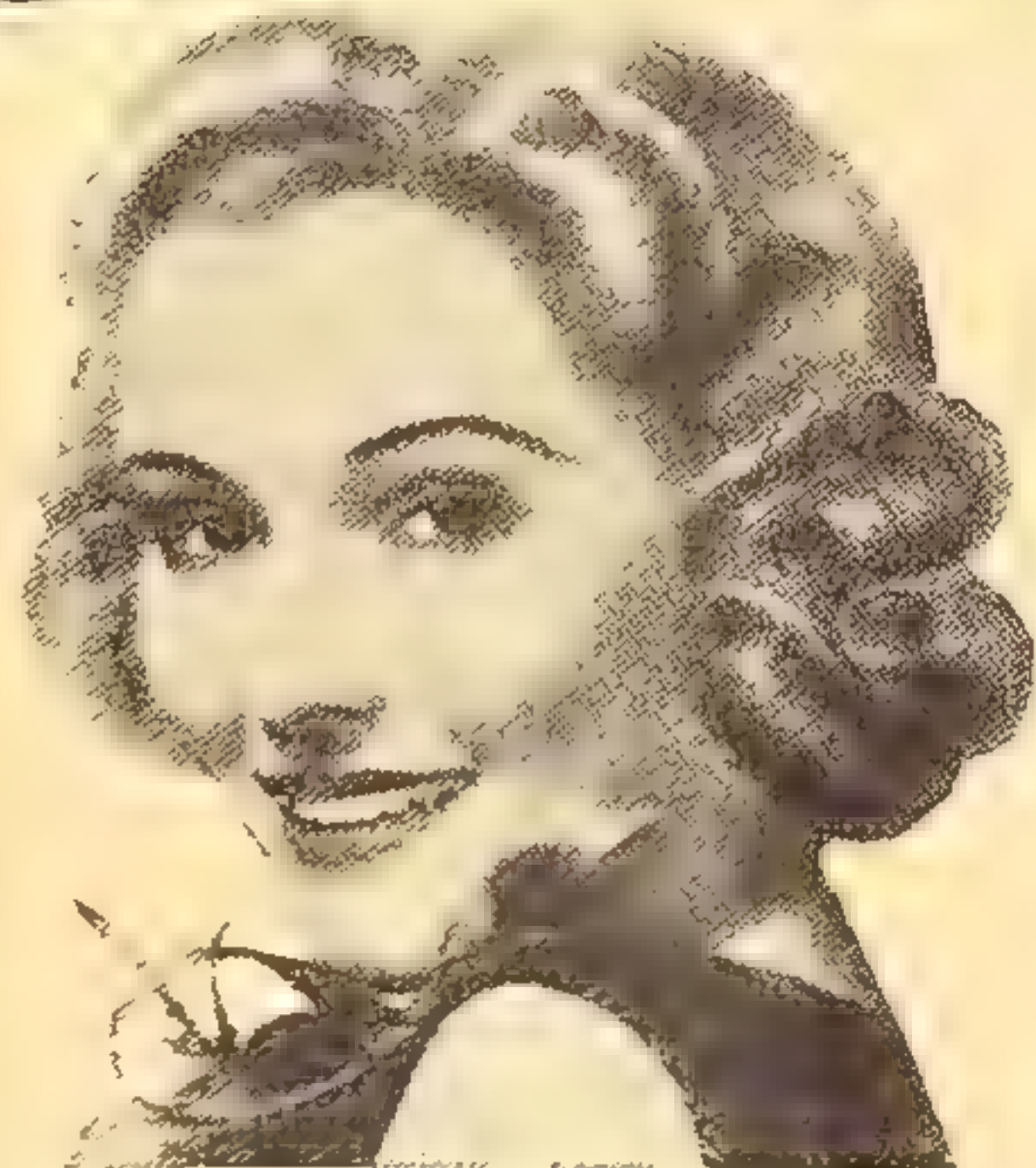
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For Immediate Consideration Send Poems to
COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. 13, Toronto, Can.

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MAKE LOVELY WOMEN LOVELIER



That's why

MILLIONS CALL FOR

SOLO CURLERS

Rapid-dry Tangle-proof

AT 5¢ & 10¢ STORES

HOT from HOLLYWOOD



Acme

Here they are! Hedy Lamarr and her new husband, Gene Markey, writer and associate producer. They were married in Mexico March 4th.

WHO should be the new belle of Hollywood but Jane Bryan! The Bryan naïvete equals that of Hedy Lamarr, only Jane doesn't have to bother looking exciting. She's being given the big rush by a number of the more discriminating boys about town, including Jimmy Stewart. But what's she to do now that David Lewis, a producer at her studio, is dating her so constantly? Jane didn't realize Eddie Albert might be back in pictures so soon, and this is a problem almost serious enough for Bette Davis's advice. Whenever Jane is stuck by some dilemma, she hurries to Bette, who's a second mother to her. You should have heard Miss D. snort when Jane remarked that another actress on the lot had advised her to dive into "experience" if she wanted to progress! If Jane does any diving the Davis hairbrush will be applied.

IT'S rather ironic that Isabel Jewell is determined to sail her yacht to the South Seas next fall. Because their boats are the only thing Isabel and Lee Tracy have in common any more. Once they were so in love. She stuck by him through his adversities. When he regained his health and re-established his career he married a San Francisco widow. Now he has announced he'll enter his yacht in the California-Honolulu race later on this spring. Isabel, now devoted to Owen Crump, manager of a radio station, has conquered her own sick spell—brought on by overwork, and is back on the screen after an eight months' absence. She's determined to make a real name for herself on the screen and stage.

MYRNA LOY'S the best-hearted gal at Metro, if sharing the comforts of a stellar suite is any sign. Myrna's stand-in has the privilege of making up in elegance, before the Loy mirrors, every morning. Other stand-ins slap on their greasepaint in the big make-up department. Myrna's hairdresser has a standing invitation to rest on the Loy divan whenever she wishes. Many another big shot would be frankly horrified at such thoughtfulness. Myrna, by the way, is doing one film right after another until fall. Four super-epics in a row, and when she teams with Gable again they'll put on costumes and show us what Rome was like in its hey-day. (They hope you won't remember their attempt to revive Irish history!)

THE most beautiful wife in Hollywood—Madeleine Carroll, naturally—only goes out with married couples when her husband, who's in business in London, isn't on deck to escort her. The other night she decided she wanted to see a certain movie in Beverly Hills. Residing at Malibu even if it isn't "the season" yet, this meant a drive of some twenty miles. Madeleine whizzed in alone, enjoyed the show, and emerged to discover some less discerning motorist had entwined a bumper around one of her wheels. She had to hire a taxi.



Len Weissman Photo



Another happy couple, left: Clark and Carole, or RHETT Gable and his real-life SCARLETT, la Lombard. Above, Susan Hayward, the lucky girl who won the coveted feminine lead in "Beau Geste."

BOOTH song-writers and scenario writers are having tough times in Hollywood right now. Musicals seem passé once more—Warners isn't filming a single one during 1939. (Altogether: Where do the Gold-diggers go during these non-musical movie cycles? Busby Berkeley, who originated the most fantastic dance numbers, fortunately has made the grade as a legitimate director.) Darryl Zanuck has no musicals on his line-up. Only nine song-writers are un-

der long-term contract in all Hollywood. There are fewer scenarists under contract than ever before in the history of pictures, and only tried-and-true scripters get a hearing today. The traditional system of employing a dozen writers on a single plot is too expensive. The shelving of the Hedy Lamarr-Spencer Tracy picture, and the production troubles of "Gone With the Wind" were the final blows. Both ace productions were being shot without a completed story.

ON SUNDAY nights Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward entertain buffet style, only you sit on the floor to eat. But that's not half. Their guests bring their favorite food, it being the day the Hayward cook has a holiday. And the gals always come in dinner dress, though the men are informal. Ida says the women have to have a fling somehow, and if Hollywood men don't want to co-operate to heck with leaving the newest knock-out in the closet!

Fresh

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Movie Star

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TUNE IN: Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

★
Jean Parker is blossoming out as Hollywood's newest glamour girl. Watch for her in the Hal Roach production "Zenobia".
★



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**Maureen O'Sullivan
entertains—and
you're invited!**

**By
Betty Boone**

One of Hollywood's most charming hostesses, Mrs. John Farrow—Maureen to you—enjoys greeting her friends at afternoon tea, above.

WHILE Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow were engaged, they used to ride in the Bel Air hills whenever both were free. As they rode, they fell in love with a special view. "This is where our house should be," declared John. And Maureen agreed.

The land sloped down from the winding road and together they planned the house that could be built there. Fortunately, they found they could buy the lot at a bargain, and presently the house began to come true. It is a California house built on several levels, with two patios and a swimming pool below the lowest one.

"The bridle path ends down there by the horse troughs," Maureen pointed out, "so now when we finish our morning ride we can stop for a swim before coming up to the house for breakfast."

In a flowered dress and short black jacket, my hostess was inspecting her Duncan Phyffe table laid for eight with lovely Irish linen and old silver. "The linens were all woven and embroidered by a woman in Ireland whose family have been doing that work for more than two hundred years,"

said Maureen. "I've just received a large tablecloth embroidered in the same bird design as these mats. The silver plates once belonged to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a heroine of mine, and the large silver centerpiece on the buffet is George IV. All the silver is about 1780, except the little centerpiece on the table. That is the only Irish piece, and was my first wedding present. In fact, it was a pre-wedding present, given me three years before we were married by a cousin in Ireland. He was rather vague about it, but I've had it appraised by several experts here and they agree it is very, very old and quite valuable. It's all hand wrought and exquisitely made."

"I'm afraid I'm not a natural-born hostess! Perhaps some day I'll break out and give a really large party, but as it is, I never have more than eight guests for dinner and really prefer six, as our dining room is small. The object of entertaining is to please one's guests, and a small group is more comfortable here. In a way, it's more difficult to give small parties because large groups entertain each other, but I try to invite congenial people and we talk, or someone plays or sings. Sometimes we play foolish little games, and Johnny and I annoy everyone with our mystery game. One of us goes out of the room and the rest select a number from one to twelve, then the absent one comes in and immediately guesses the number. I shouldn't give it away—it's such fun!—but I'll tell you the secret."

She's the screen wife of "Tarzan" in the M-G-M movie with Johnny Weissmuller, but in private life Maureen O'Sullivan is a gracious and dignified hostess. Above, her dinner table with its fine old china and costly Irish linen.

She led the way down to the living-room and selected an ashtray from the small "butler's table" before a Chesterfield. The ashtray was round. "No one notices what you are doing with a cigarette, so I give Johnny the correct number by placing my cigarette on the tray clockwise in the number we've selected, and he can tell at a glance!"

She sat down in a red chair opposite the yellow-covered love-seat by the fire where I had found a place. "On the mantel you see a replica of my dining-room table set with silver and glass," she commented, "that was Mrs. Ronald Colman's wedding present. And over here is my Jeanette MacDonald lamp, the frilly thing. I think it looks like Jeanette in her period pictures."

If you go to Maureen's for dinner, you'll never be served the same menu twice, for Maureen keeps copies of all her menus, with lists of the guests on the backs. A hint for hostesses anywhere. "Here is a sample menu, one of my favorites—in fact, we're having it tonight," she went on.

Consommé		
Fresh Lobster		
Roast Lamb	New Potatoes	Green Peas
	Mint Sauce	
	Little hot rolls	
Sherry Whip	Coffee	
Fresh Fruit		

"The consommé must be home-made, never canned. Nellie, my cook, will give you the recipe. The lobster is taken out of its shell and fried lightly and quickly and then returned to the shell.



"Abroad, we serve a savory between the dessert and the fruit. I seldom serve a savory here, but it does take away the very sweet taste left by a good dessert. A nice savory is a small sardine on toast. I do like fresh fruit as my last course because I so love my fruit plates. John McCormack gave them to me and they once belonged to Marie Antoinette.

"A nice dish I sometimes serve is filet of sole cooked in white wine. That is probably better for summer time. Then sometimes I

choose thin steaks served with mustard sauce. The main trouble with that is with your butcher, getting him to cut your New York steaks wafer thin. It's against his religion or something."

CONSOMMÉ

Large soup bone of beef and a veal bone
2 quarts cold water and 6 ice cubes
1 egg
2 onions and a little garlic

(Continued on page 76)



SHUCKS! WHAT A RUN-IT SURE LOOKS FIERCE

Jane House of Ashtabula* has a tip for Polly

BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS CERTAINLY ADD TO A GIRL'S APPEAL. RUNS—WRINKLES—SNAKY SEAMS LOOK AWFUL

I USED TO GET **RUNS** CONSTANTLY. GOODNESS, THEY WERE EXASPERATING! THEN I CHANGED TO **LUX**

LUX DOES SAVE **ELASTICITY**, CUTS WAY DOWN ON RUNS. LEAVES MY STOCKINGS FITTING SMOOTHLY, SILKY, LOVELY LOOKING

OH DEAR, WHY DIDN'T POLLY **LUX** ME? I WOULDN'T POP **RUNS** SO EASILY

saves stocking elasticity

Cut down on runs with Lux! Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali *weaken* elasticity. Lux *saves* stocking elasticity! Buy the *big* box!

A little goes so far
Lux is **thrifty**.

*Ohio





My dearest One -
 Ever since I held you in
 my arms, I've known! My
 invention must be given up.
 This is little enough to do
 if it means that I may call
 you sweetheart and wife!
 The telephone will be born
 some day... and I do not
 care who gets the glory if
 the world gets the benefit.
 With all my heart, I am
 yours -
 Aleck

AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING STORY!

Thrilling...and true! Of love
 so great and faith so strong
 that it inspired this man to en-
 dure ridicule, privation, hun-
 ger... to achieve the miracle
 of wings for the human voice!



20th Century-Fox presents
 DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
 Production of
**THE STORY OF
 ALEXANDER
 GRAHAM BELL**

with
 DON LORETTA HENRY
AMECHE • YOUNG • FONDA

Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
 Spring Byington • Sally Blane
 Polly Ann Young • Georgiana Young

A Cosmopolitan Production

Directed by Irving Cummings • Associate Producer
 Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
 Original story by Ray Harris

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to MORTIMER



Is Charlie McCarthy's face red, is his nose out of joint! Mortimer, Bergen's new dummy, is stealing his applause since the public, and our Editor, fell for Mort in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." Is Mortimer Snerd indeed on the threshold of a great career? Time will tell!

DEAR MR. SNERD:

This is just between us, so bend those big ears of yours and DON'T let on.

I am all for you, Mortimer, and so I think I should be the first one to tell you what a fool you've been. You've been a big dope, that's all, to let yourself be imposed upon the way you have. I don't think you realize how important you are since the release of "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." Oh, I know Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and W. C. Fields are *supposed* to be the stars of that picture, and got all the billing and all the publicity; but confidentially, Mortimer, that is *your* picture, and your big balloon scene was the high spot, and don't let anybody tell you different. No wonder Charlie McCarthy was sick—yeah, sick with jealousy. That McCarthy—who does he think he is, anyway? And who does Bergen think he is, when it comes to that? Well, buzz, buzz, Mortimer, they know, and don't think they don't, that Charlie is through, and that you are on the threshold of a great career; but they won't give in until they have to, not they; they want to keep you under wraps as long as possible; because when you come into your own, Mortimer, Charlie goes right back to the woodpile. Of course, this Bergen may not be such a bad guy after all. I think Charlie has him

fooled. Bergen thinks that without McCarthy he wouldn't have a movie contract or even a radio job. But Bergen doesn't need Charlie; he's got YOU, Mortimer.

Now, you want to be a big star, don't you? You want to have everybody crazy about you, and writing for autographs and dates and teaspoons, the way Charlie has. Most of all, you want the laugh on that little tough toothpick, don't you, Mortimer? Well, then, get even. You have a personality second to none, and a voice for the ages. Personally, I much prefer it to Nelson Eddy's, or even Andy Devine's. You're photogenic too, you know, Mortimer; and you don't need all those costume changes that Charlie does, either. Why, he had to resort to blackface in that last picture; it makes me furious. And all he can talk about on the radio is Priscilla, Priscilla, Priscilla. Now you say something, Mortimer, so we can hear YOU for a change. Do something!

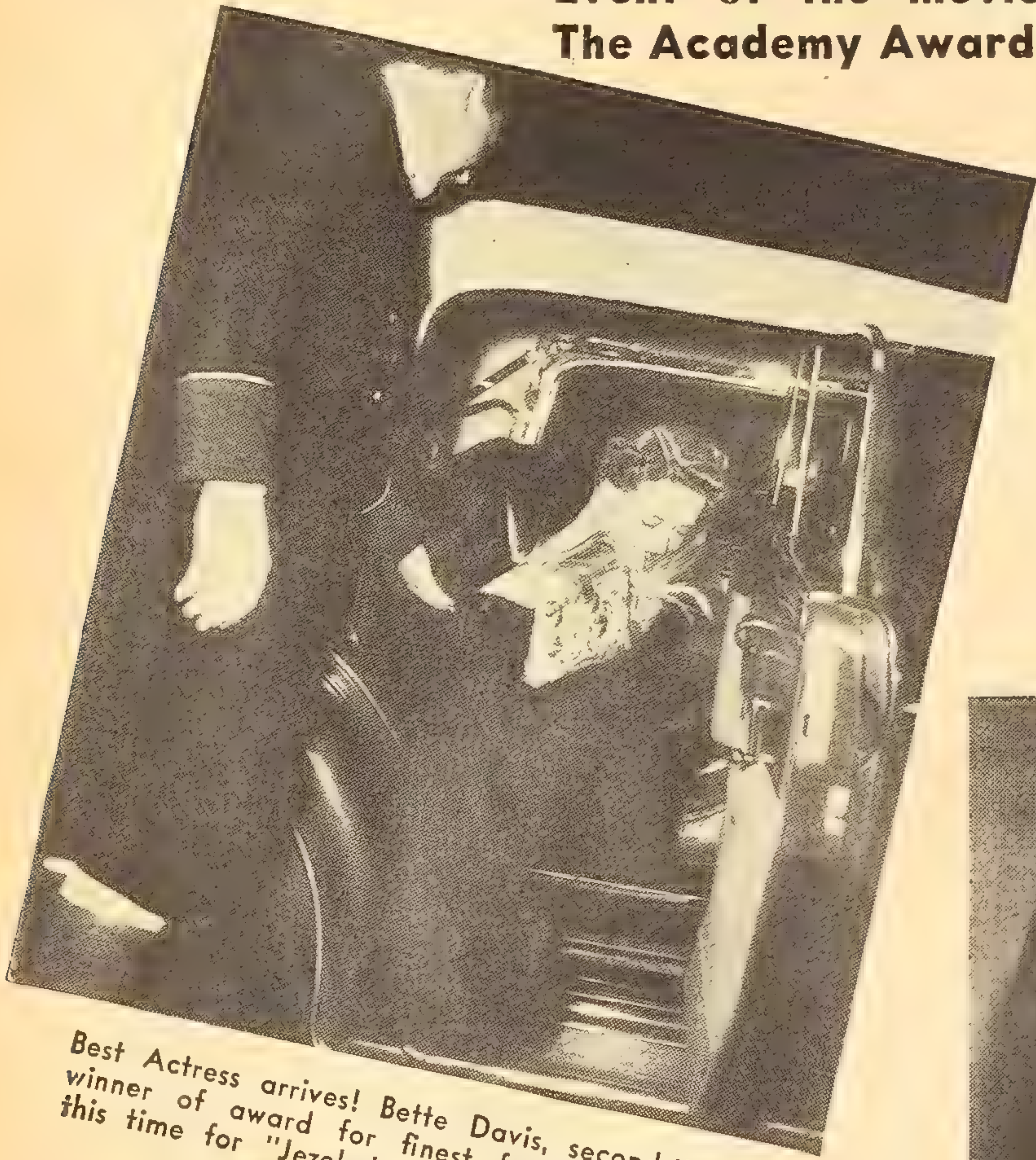
What? I don't know!

Delight Evans

Hollywood Whirl

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN WEISSMAN, SCREENLAND'S
EXCLUSIVE CAMERMAN IN HOLLYWOOD

Event of the movie year! The Academy Award Dinner



Best Actress arrives! Bette Davis, second-time winner of award for finest feminine acting, this time for "Jezebel," alights from her car.



The greatest star of them all, though not yet an Award winner, hands in her ticket as parents beam. Yes, it's Shirley.



Triumphal entry! Bette, whose gorgeous gown is in marked contrast to the simple frock she wore when she attended her first prize-winning Academy Award dinner, sweeps in to more glory.



Non-winning grins are registered by Frank McHugh, Pat O'Brien, and Jimmy Cagney as they arrive at the Biltmore. Cagney was runner-up for the Best Actor's award. Better luck next time, Jimmy!



Deanna Durbin received a special award for bringing spirit of youth to screen. Here, she chats with Edgar Bergen at dinner preceding 1938 awards of Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.



Best Actor arrives! Spencer Tracy, with smiling Mrs. Tracy—he wins an "Oscar" for his performance in "Boys Town," voted finest masculine acting job of 1938.



Winners—of fan applause, if not of "Oscars," were Anna-bella and Tyrone Power. Good reason for Ty's good humor —isn't he current "King of the Movies," and isn't she cute?



Today's most popular screen star with yesterday's ace actor: "Little Princess" Temple and Douglas Fairbanks, famous movie monarch in "the good old days." Will Shirley win an "Oscar" soon?



Winners of awards for best supporting rôles: Walter Brennan for "In Old Kentucky," Fay Bainter for "White Banners."



Attracting more attention than most of the stars present was Jimmy Roosevelt, shown giving his autograph to cigarette girl while dinner partner Merle Oberon gives an engaging grin.



Just after the awards were announced by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, right above: Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis with their "Oscars," the statuettes so christened by lively Bette when she won her first.



It looks like love! It IS love! Joan Crawford and Charles Martin, above, on their way to a pre-view. Some are saying Charles is a second Charlie MacArthur, certainly a brilliant young screen writer.



Gay, genial, unspoiled Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney step out seldom, but have a swell time when they do. They're dancing at the Beverly Hills Hotel.



Richard Greene is being groomed by 20th Century-Fox as a future "King of the Movies," but Tyrone Power, acknowledged "King" on same lot, greets Dick cordially at Darryl Zanuck's party at Café Marcel. Of course the lovely lady is Annabella.



Henry Fonda squires his wife and Marlene Dietrich at a popular night spot. Girls, note Marlene's handsome beaded jacket. Not seen on the screen these days but she still glitters.



You've heard those fine Screen Actors' Guild shows on the air. The group donated services: Jack Benny, Gene Raymond, Judy Garland, Joan Crawford, Basil Rathbone, Robert Young.



Star's entrance! Typical of a Hollywood screen queen's royal approach is Ginger Rogers, above, complete with tulle, luxurious silver fox cape, and the eminent producer of her pictures—Pandro Berman, at right.



That constant couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, arrive for a pre-view at the Westwood Village Theatre. Gary, now in Paramount's "Beau Geste," has signed a new contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN WEISSMAN, SCREENLAND'S DEMON CAMERA REPORTER IN HOLLYWOOD.



At Darryl Zanuck's party following "Little Princess" pre-view: Norma Shearer, all done up in high hair-do, high hat, and a frivolous chin veil, greets host Zanuck, while the admiring Hedy Lamarr and director Mervyn LeRoy, left, watch.



Most unusual picture of Joe E. Brown ever published! Reason? It's Joe E. Brown without his broad grin. He is much too busy eating a big dinner in a Hollywood café to give our cameraman a glance; but Mrs. Joe E. looks as jolly as ever.

Kill the

"Our aim is to uplift and purify dancing, place it before the public in its proper light. When this has been done, we feel convinced that no possible objection can be urged against it on the grounds of impropriety, but rather that social reformers will join with the medical profession in the view that dancing is not only a rejuvenator of good health and spirits, but a means of preserving youth, prolonging life, and acquiring grace, elegance, beauty."

CREED OF THE CASTLES—portrayed by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire



this?

Jitterbug!

By
Mayme Ober Peak

THE jitterbug is dying! Crushed by the winged feet and twinkling toes of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, it is in its last throes. And there'll be few, if any, mourners at the bier!

So, anyway, believes Irene Castle. In a frank interview she declared: "I am convinced that the dances as presented by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in 'The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle' will swing the dance vogue back to that type dance. Also that the change will be welcomed even by those who profess to like jitterbugging. Now, I don't mean swing music—there seems to be a general confusion in regard to swing music and jitterbug dancing. The two have no relation.

"SWING is a delightful tempo which can be slowed down to fit even the old-fashioned soft shoe dance. JITTERBUGGING is a form of hysteria—neither normal nor right, which developed as result of orchestras doing what they called 'jamming.' This, apparently, was a musical free-for-all, with everyone going it alone. Youngsters couldn't resist the temptation to fit steps to the wild tempo, each individual to his own inclination. Thus was jitterbugging created. It has been cultivated for commercial reasons because it lent itself to contests:

"However, I'm sure more people talk about it than dance it. It certainly should never be pointed out as our American dance to visitors from other countries. It is ugly, ungraceful, unbecoming, unhealthy, exhausting. Doctors say it is bad

or this?

Is The Jitterbug Really Doomed? Does the Revival of Graceful Ballroom Dancing in New Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire Film Foretell the Death of Current Craze? Irene Castle Says So Here! Agree with her or Not? Tell Us!



Dick Powell learns peckin' from June Burnett, jitterbug champ, in "Naughty but Nice." Like this better than The Castle Polka across the page?



More jitterbugging, top, by Dick Powell and June Burnett, from Warner Bros.' film "Naughty but Nice." Left, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in a foxtrot from "The Story of Irene and Vernon Castle," their new picture. Above, Irene Castle, today; and, across page, Irene with her husband, Vernon Castle, when they were the first internationally famous dance team in the era just before the World War, in one of their graceful numbers.

for the muscles of the feet and legs and injurious to the heart.

"It makes me tired just to watch the violent jitterbugs. They seem to be counting every step and jerk. Dances full of effort have no grace. The most graceful way to dance is the lazy way. Fall into your partner's arms, sway a little to the music, and let your steps flow into his.

"In their former picture, the most beautiful dances I've seen Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire do had the ballroom flow. The *Night and Day* number in 'The Gay Divorcee,' and the *Waltz in the Garden* number in 'Care-free.' Remember these? Of course you do, although you've probably forgotten other more spectacular numbers they've done!

"The dances Vernon and I introduced were so simple that anyone who could dance could do them. I believe that is the secret of popularizing a dance," she said.

If "The Castles" picture—released in the midst of a

sort of Holy Roller frenzy of the dance in America—does revolutionize the current dance, as Irene Castle predicts it will, it will be just another case of history repeating itself. Twenty-four years ago, Vernon and Irene Castle introduced glamorous ballroom dancing just at the time America was torn between whether it was "improper" to dance the Bunny Hug and Grizzly Bear, then in vogue, or whether it was "proper" to dance at all!

"We removed criticism from the dance, directed dancing in certain channels," Irene Castle told me. "They were doing dances then named after some animal. Ministers and editorial opinion expressed the belief that such dancing was driving the nation to hell. So the public hadn't formed very definite ideas of what they wanted to dance even if it were right to dance at all.

"Vernon and I returned from Paris, where we made



our first hit, at a most opportune time—1914. We realized America was itching to dance, and as leaders we got in on the ground floor. They didn't have entertainment then with dinner or supper. Cabarets were cheap beer gardens, or outdoor places like they had at Coney Island, Floor shows were unknown, except eccentric or acrobatic dancers perhaps who came in from behind the piano, from the kitchen, or trap door, and disappeared after they had finished dancing. Vernon and I sat with the guests like other ladies and gentlemen. We launched the 'tea dansant' at the Castle House, where
(Please turn to p. 80)



©Moffett

My Strangest Year

by *Robert Taylor*

himself

As told to

Ben Maddox

"I've been a naïve, small-town boy, but I'm no sap!" So Bob Taylor sums himself up in this frank interview, written exclusively for SCREENLAND

The boy idol grows up! See Taylor's new portrait, here at left, note the new independent look in his eye. On opposite page, Taylor at his Northridge Ranch, top, astride "Comanche" and leading "Laddie." Center, his comfortably simple home. Below, with Myrna Loy in a scene from his latest picture, "Lucky Night."



I CAN see what has happened to me now that it is all over. This past year, no matter how I look at what led to it, certainly was my strangest one in Hollywood. So much I never expected occurred. I had so many things to learn!

I was confused and worried, because of that barrage of bad publicity I got. I tried to hide how I felt. Instinctively I always deny disappointments. I've never enjoyed a whiner and I don't want to be a poor sport. So I contended I wasn't the least bothered. But I couldn't help reacting sharply, and I was by no means indifferent to being sarcastically made out a sap.

There were times when I was so completely mystified I wondered what the percentage was. If that was what I was going to get if I persisted in trying to become a good actor, what was the use of going on in Hollywood? I was close to turning cynic then. I had to learn how to take unjust criticism. I couldn't understand it. I still feel like poking a guy when he wisecracks for no reason except that I'm acting for my living. But I no longer let that muddle me. At first I was determined to prove to everyone that I wasn't a sap. However, I was in for a year of discoveries, and the first one was that it was going to be impossible for me to explain descriptions written to be funny. I didn't want to



shrug it off, but that was the only wise solution. I'd been amazed, then mad at the ridiculing questions tossed at me when I went to England. But gradually I understood that even I was going to be a likely target sometimes,

and that in every business there will be scoffers, and why let them triumph by rising to their baiting? Sincerity will be recognized by those who are sincere themselves. I had to admit to myself I'd been a

naïve, small-town boy, too inexperienced to parry with unanticipated nerve. I am still bothered when I read an untrue declaration about myself. Not because I'm egotistical, but because I depend directly upon the good will of the public for my success and I realize now how careful anyone in such a spot has to be.

My year started off, too, with a new home, with my ranch. I'd figured on building in Beverly Hills, but the plans I drew up ran into too much money. I found some property, a few acres, in the convenient San Fernando Valley instead, built a six-room house where the plainness and quality make up, I think, for lack of lavish size. And this new quiet, and down-to-earth atmosphere, was great. I could have my horses and dogs and no suspicion of phoney front anywhere around; I could live a regular life, and I do. I'm nearly always up at six every morning, and in bed by ten at night. I only come into Hollywood about two evenings a month. I've raised seven crops of alfalfa in my one year as a farmer.

But get this straight, please; this ranch wasn't intended as a means of escape from Hollywood! I imagine my most advantageous trait is my urge to cope with situations rather than trying to escape from them. Whenever I'm up against it, I have one stubborn resolution—I'm going to master that problem or die in the struggle! So I didn't move to the country to live to draw into any shell. I moved there because, *(Please turn to page 74)*

Why

MOVIE STARS HIDE OUT in the DESERT

By Liza



Just what is so alluring about the desert that all our best cinema celebrities hurry to it between pictures? Read our lively story and you'll know! Merle Oberon, above, suns herself at La Quinta. Bette Davis, right, is another star who loves the peace and beauty of exclusive La Quinta.

HAVING been practically brought up from a tender age on New York skyscrapers, morning subway rushes, and mob scenes in Macy's basement on bargain days I felt that I had been gypped when I first saw the great American desert. "Well, get a load of that," I said and wondered bitterly why I had ever left Broadway and 42nd street. After two days on the Santa Fe's Chief—the most self-conscious train I had ever ridden on until that time—of nothing but mesquit, cacti, tumbleweeds and gobs and gobs of space I was all for giving the desert right back to the Indians.

But I soon discovered that the desert—no matter how much I pooh-poohed it—was really in very good standing among the Hollywoodites. In fact they considered it chic. Chic as in Schiaparelli. Why they should want to leave their gorgeous Beverly Hills homes, their swimming pools with hot and cold running water, their tennis courts and their gay little portable bars for a mess of nothing, I just didn't understand. But light dawned on me at one of my first Hollywood parties. The night is irrevocably tagged in my memory as The Night I Almost Met Garbo. It was one of those impromptu after-preview parties—a Kay Francis-Ernest Lubitsch picture, I recall—and I, having declared to the high heavens that the only two people in Hollywood I wanted to meet were Garbo and Barbara Stanwyck, had been dragged along by someone who didn't know better. Three things made a deep



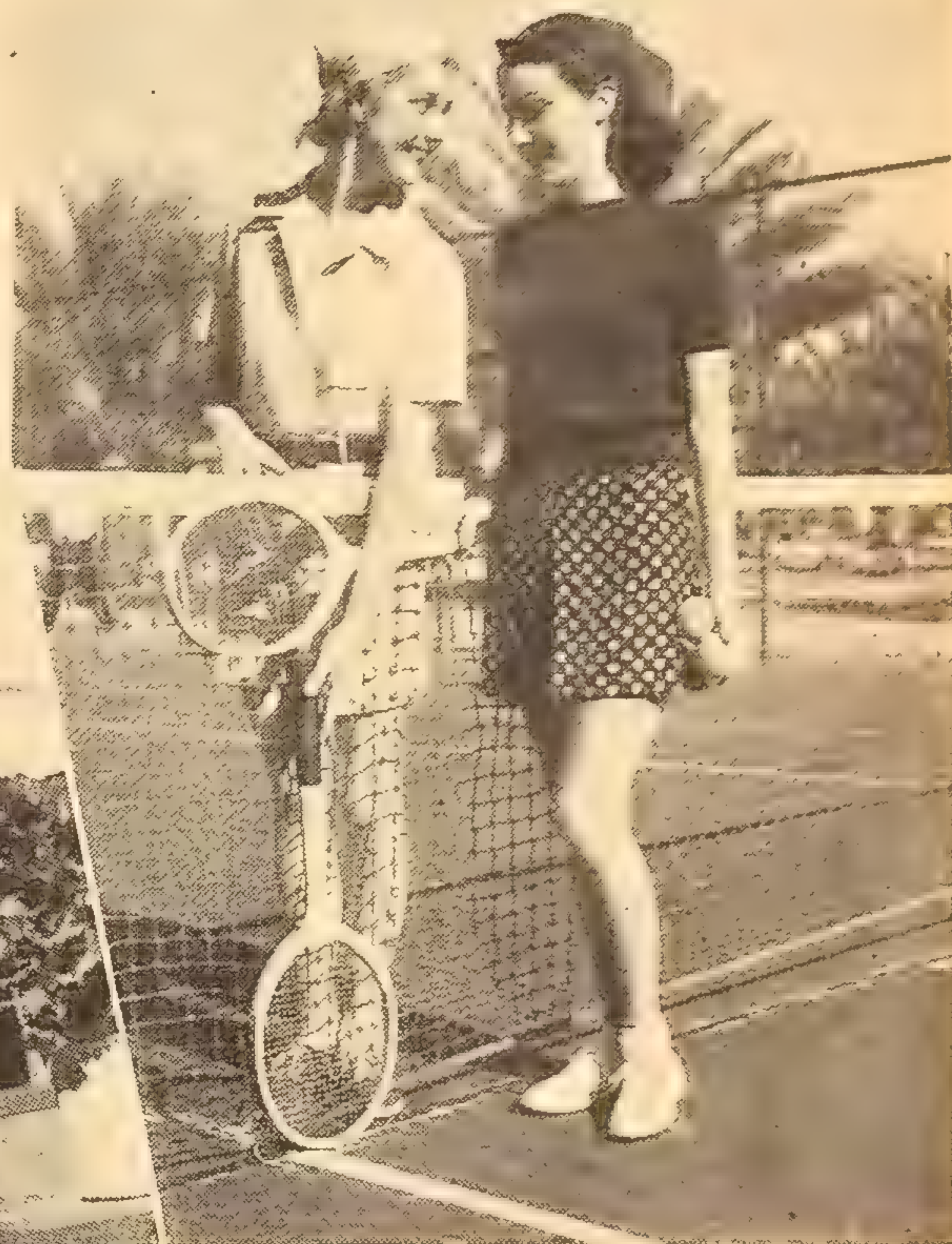
impression on my mind at that my first Hollywood party: (1) I burned Miss Francis' eyelashes as I tried to light her cigarette for her (hick that I was, I had never run amuck among such long lashes before.) And (2) Miss Garbo did not show up (I heard later that she smelled a fan writer.) and (3) I learned why movie stars went to the desert.

"If you really want to see Garbo," said Kay Francis amiably—(I must say she was a good sport about that eyelash burning—indeed, she herself burned a hole in our hostess' couch before the evening was over and I considered that downright friendly)—"you ought to drive down to the desert. She hides out there most of the time."

So that was what the desert was good for! A hideout! Well, no wonder. No dope in his right mind would ever look for you in that godforsaken waste. I wanted to see Garbo, but I didn't want to *that* bad. Why, I wouldn't go to the desert to see—to see—to see—well, to see Garbo. But that was at least six years ago. I'm no longer a hick from a big city, I no longer burn glamor girls' eyelashes, I no longer want to meet Garbo, and I no longer wonder why movie stars hide out in the desert. I *know*. And furthermore I want to go on record as saying that they don't make 'em any crazier about the desert than I am now. If a doctor told me I had only ten more months to live—(there I go playing Bette Davis in "Dark Victory")—I would choose to spend my ten months at the desert resort of La Quinta, stretched out in a sun suit beneath a date palm, drinking in the breath-taking beauty of the Santa Rosa mountains, and reading a Van Dine murder mystery. And of course if Clark Gable, Robert



Two photographs of Bette Davis by Frank S. Partridge, Jr. Below, Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout by Stella di Balzeville.



The Frank Chapmans—she's Gladys Swarthout—find rest and relaxation in the Spanish patio of the hotel at La Quinta, left. Bette Davis, top, rides her bike every afternoon. Anita Louise and Fay Wray, above, on the tennis court.



Taylor and Tyrone Power dropped in for cocktails that would be all right too.

So recently, when an Easterner on her first visit to Hollywood asked me why movie stars hide out in the desert I could hardly wait to tell her. "They hide out in the desert," I said, "either because the desert is the only

place West of the Rockies where they can hide out and *still* be seen, or because it is the only place they can hide out and *not* be seen." (When I say

"desert" from now on I am being typically Hollywoodish and referring to that part of the desert that includes Palm Springs, the B-Bar-H Ranch, and La Quinta—a stretch of some fifty miles that lie about four hours' safe driving from Hollywood.)

Palm Springs with its swanky El Mirador, Desert Inn, and Colonial House, and dozens of smaller hotels, has grown up during the last few years from a lazy one-hoss western village to a gay (Please turn to page 78)

BUILDING UP



AFTER writing about the movie stars ever since I stepped out of school it is only now that I can actually understand them; realize what it means to be in the movies; and not only really feel for them, but honestly feel with them. For at last I have been before the cameras—as a movie actress!

Before, I was always on the sidelines interviewing the glamor boys and girls and watching them earn a few thousands a day acting before one of those grinding machines. Nice work, I'd always thought. But my screen

début was quite unexpected. In fact it was handed to me as a consolation prize. I didn't register at Central Casting, nor did I dog the footsteps of casting directors. I merely wanted to go on location—because it is always such fun. All summer I had anticipated a trip to Idaho where M-G-M was going to film "Northwest Passage." Bob Taylor was to be the star, so perhaps that gives you a clue. I had thoughts about sitting on a rock on the beautiful pine-banked mountains with Bob Taylor and discussing how homesick he was to see Barbara Stan-



Building the first great transcontinental railroad was hard work. Building a great movie epic about it wasn't so easy, either. But hardest of all was trying to build a screen career from an extra girl's job in Cecil B. DeMille's "Union Pacific"—read this story and see why!

By May Mann

to get a few whiffs of desert air. And so as a consolation Paramount said that I might be in the picture. Would wonders never cease? In my wildest dreams I'd never imagined myself an actress, and here I was about to become a glamor girl—like Loy, Lombard, and Lamarr—or so I thought in my state of blissful ignorance. Of course I told everyone about my good fortune.

to an awful let down

Every girl and young man who is ambitious for a Hollywood career must read this feature! It's a lively account of one girl's effort to make an extra's job mean something. She's May Mann—see her, close-up, across page; above, as pioneer woman in engineer's cab in "Union Pacific"; and at right as herself, chatting with Director DeMille and Akim Tamiroff. At far left on page opposite, Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck, bright particular stars of "Union Pacific" in character for the big film.



wyck. It would make such a beautiful story—and perhaps I could add a word of consolation here and there. But the water froze in the mountain tops early in August so the location had to be postponed a year.

About that time Bob Burns was cast for Paramount's "Union Pacific" and my friends at that studio suggested that I could still write location stories, if I didn't mind writing about *their* Bob instead of Metro's. Well, a girl can't get quite as enthused about sitting on some sagebrush in the middle of a desert talking to Bob Burns when she's had her mind on Bob Taylor. But that's the way this writing business goes. I accepted the invitation to go to Southern Utah on location with the "Union Pacific" troupe. A week before we were to leave, the studio called and informed me that Bob Burns was not to be in the cast after all—and that Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck would be the stars. That was even better—I was getting back in the Bob Taylor theme again, only this time I would sit out in the lonely desert with Miss Stanwyck and perhaps console her because Mr. Taylor was some five hundred miles away.

Now just to show you how changeable this movie business is, at the last moment the studio kept Joel and Barbara in Hollywood. Their doubles were sent on the location. That left practically no reason for me to go—unless

Clark Gable said, "So the acting bug has finally bitten you at last! I'd give a dollar to see a writing girl in our shoes—" and he laughed, as though the idea was a grand joke. Joan Crawford had invited me over that afternoon, and when I told her my good news, she gave me some pointers. It seems the glamor girls wear extra sheer hose—the kind that are shaded and do marvelous things for legs and ankles. In fact, she gave me a brand new pair from her own supply to wear in the picture. Joan told me how to stand at a three-quarter angle, so's to get a slim waist and smooth hip-line before the camera. We practiced together in front of (Please turn to page 94)

LEW AND THE LADIES



Eversince he first appeared with Garbo in "The Kiss," femme Hollywood has been busy "discovering" Lew. Now let's admit he's here to stay!

**By
S. R. Mook**

First "discovered" by Garbo, then by Connie Bennett. Married to Lola Lane, then to Ginger Rogers. Right now, all set with Jeanette MacDonald, below, in "Broadway Serenade"—we give you lovable Lew!

YOU know," Lew Ayres remarked recently, "when I was struggling desperately to get ahead in this business, I used to listen to people who were already established say, 'It isn't the struggle to get to the top that's hard, it's staying on top after you get there.' I thought it was a lot of applesauce—but it wasn't. I did put in a couple of bad years—years when I could hardly keep body and soul together. But that was just a period of waiting for a break. If it hadn't been for talkies I believe I'd have landed sooner."

"The first real part I ever had was the juvenile lead with Garbo in 'The Kiss.' That was when I *really* started."

He paused, but I know Lew so well I could follow his mental processes. He had good notices from "The Kiss" and thought he was all set. But talkies came in and producers seemed to think anyone who had been in silent pictures couldn't speak. Eight months passed after "The Kiss" before Lew ever faced another camera, but when he did it was to make the never-to-be-forgotten "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Constance Bennett was the hottest thing on the screen at the moment and the old Fox company had signed her for a picture called "Common Clay" and borrowed Lew for the lead opposite her. The picture was adapted from a sensationally successful stage play so it was good box-office. And the people who had seen Lew in "All Quiet"



wanted to see him again in a "dress-up" part and to find out if he could act or if "Western Front" was just a lucky accident. "Clay" broke records in practically every theatre where it was shown.

Then Warner Brothers borrowed him for the starring part in what turned out to be another box-office riot, "The Doorway to Hell." James Cagney had the second lead. Not only was Lew "set," he was the box-office sensation of the season. For the first time since "Seventh Heaven" had been released seven years before, Charlie Farrell failed to win a popularity contest. Lew won it.

"It was after that," Lew resumed as though he had never quit talking, "that my struggle really started—and it was a losing struggle from (Please turn to page 83)



Screenland salutes
Beauty of the Month:
LANA TURNER



Photographs by
Ernest A. Bachra
RKO-Radio





KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT!

Sure, it's Spring—and a Pretty Girl in a New Hat rushing the summer season excites the fancy of a Handsome Young Man. SCREENLAND's own imaginary romance impersonated by Cary Grant and Lucille Ball. Thanks, kids!



Don Ameche

YOU'LL SEE THEM TOGETHER



Claudette Colbert

IN "MIDNIGHT"

Eugene Robert Richee, Paramount



Hurrell, Warner Bros.

**HOLLYWOOD RUNS RIOT
IN MOST LAVISH CYCLE
OF COSTUME DRAMA
IN ALL ITS HISTORY!**

BETTE DAVIS
In the character of the tragic Empress
Carlotta of Mexico in "Juarez."
(Above).

MERLE OBERON
As Cathy in the elaborate picturiza-
tion of Emily Bronte's "Wuthering
Heights." (Opposite page).





Willinger

The Lady Looks at The Cowboy!

Myrna Loy, always lovely, and especially so in her new Spring bonnet, above, gazes over at Robert Preston on opposite page as he swings into action. Myrna co-stars with Bob Taylor in M-G-M's "Lucky Night." Preston, a rancher in private life, has a good part in Paramount's "Union Pacific" with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.



Eugene Robert Richee



Bob does a slow Burns, above, when he gazes at the girl on opposite page. Because he has made plenty of movies with Martha Raye with her playing the hoyden and all, and here she's been a Glamor Girl all the time and he never knew it. He's catching on now, Bob is!

*William Walling,
Paramount*

WAIT TILL GRANDPA SNAZZY HEARS ABOUT THIS!



*Eugene Robert Richman
Paramount*

Jimmy is back in fighting form. He follows "Angels with Dirty Faces" with the uproarin' "Oklahoma Kid"—and more good rôles to come

Hurrell, Warner Bros.

Cagney!



Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M



Joan Crawford!

Joan is joyously fighting the battle of her life to regain her place among screen stars. See in "The Ice Follies of 1939"



GRAND YOUNG MAN

Jimmy Stewart,
nicest boy and
most natural actor
in the movies

HERE
THEY
ARE
GAIN!

One Power
Alice Faye
l appear
e more as
-stars in
se of Wash-
on Square,"
which Al
on makes
s screen
ne-back.

Century-Fox



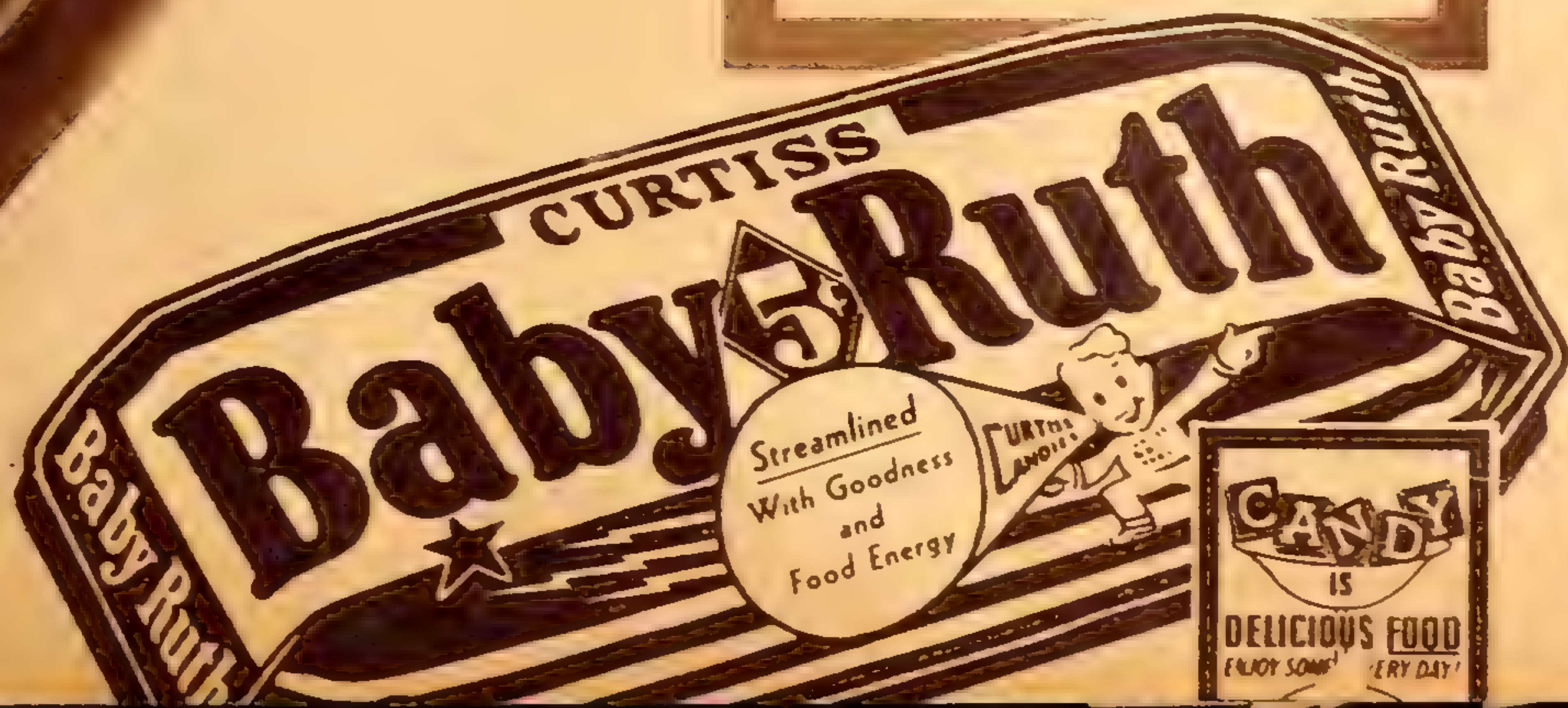
CAN YOU SWIM 2¼ MILES?

ENERGY TESTS WITH BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, a good swimmer, weighing 120 lbs., can swim for 2¼ miles (average speed 3 miles per hour) on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth.

Swimming is great fun, great exercise. But it is a strenuous drain on body energy. Baby Ruth candy, so popular among candy lovers for its purity and goodness, is a source of real food energy—which all active people need. Baby Ruth is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. So for enjoyment and food energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. Millions do.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL., OTTO SCHNERING, President



WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—
Remember BABY RUTH IS RICH
IN DEXTROSE THE
SUGAR YOUR BODY USES
DIRECTLY FOR
ENERGY!





Warner Bros.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in "Dodge City"

"I Have No Regrets"

Franchot Tone, speaking frankly, puts an end to rumors current since his separation from Joan Crawford and Hollywood

By Jerry Asher

"REGARDLESS of anything that has been printed or said, Hollywood has done all right by me. I've no kicks, no regrets—only gratitude. Even though I stay away for a while, I hope to be around for a long time to come." It was Franchot Tone speaking,

thus putting to an end the thousand and one rumors that have circulated since Franchot separated from Joan Crawford and announced that he would divide his time between the stage and screen. As an eye and ear witness to so much that has been unfair, I'd like to say that in the face of things, Franchot has been a pretty swell sport. So many exaggerated stories, statements that he never made, vicious gossips have all used Franchot as a target. Never once has he yelled for help.

We were in his brown and white dressing room, the one decorated by Joan Crawford and presented to Franchot one Christmas. Books, bundles of clothing, toilet articles, pictures of Joan were cluttered about the place. As Franchot talked he proceeded to dismantle the studio home he has occupied for the last six years. His refusal to sign another long-term deal brings to a close a colorful interlude in Franchot's life, that will doubtless remain green in his memory for a long time to come.

What kind of a person is Franchot Tone today? So many have asked this question. To some he appears to be such an unhappy young man. Others think his six years spent in Hollywood have wrought a great change. I don't think Franchot will ever be what you call a "happy" man. Very few intelligent people are really happy. So it isn't in Franchot's nature. The truth of things lies too near the surface in his makeup. His recognition of those truths isn't con-

ducive to happiness. That's why Franchot is intolerant of anyone who refuses to accept truth as reality. If you ask Franchot point-blank if he really is unhappy, this is what he invariably replies: "Oh, I've just naturally looked 'this way' all my life."

Yes, Franchot is a greatly changed person since he first came out to Hollywood (*Please turn to page 90*)





THE LITTLE PRINCESS—20th Century-Fox



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



THIS is the Shirley Temple picture which should be preserved for posterity. Did I hear a nasty whisper of "If any?" No, I thought not. And lucky for you I didn't. While they're about the business of sealing up in bronze boxes significant signs of these turbulent thirties, to be opened a thousand years from now to amaze our descendants, surely they should not neglect the Best Picture ever made by the Terrific Tot of the cinema. For here, folks, IS Shirley—complete in Technicolor, lovely to look at, endearing to hear, whether she's whimpering about her lost Daddy—he went to the Boer War, you see, and left li'l *Sara Crewe* in that wicked *Miss Minchin's* school); or singing and dancing *The Old Kent Road* with stately Arthur Treacher; or showering her precocious charm upon all and sundry, including even Victoria Regina—and you'll love her, and whimper with her, and continue to be awed by her uncanny cleverness. You'll also appreciate the lavish manner in which Darryl Zanuck has mounted the nostalgic narrative; the charming fairy-tale ballet; the superb acting, especially Sybil Jason as the little Cockney slavey, *Becky*—a tremendously touching performance; but not forgetting Ian Hunter, Mary Nash.



STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists



BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners



YIPPEE! Here's an elegant Western for the carriage trade, with all the excitement of a dozen cowboy serials done up in one grand celluloid package, elaborately staged and importantly acted. It's a super-Western for the Radio City Music Hall, but it will have an appeal just as strong for the dyed-in-the-wool "Hi-yo Silver!" fans who throng smaller theatres—which means that "Stagecoach" is a movie for practically everybody. You've seen the old movie West before but probably never from a stagecoach on one long perilous trip, and in such interesting company; a nice outlaw, the *Ringo Kid* (John Wayne); a lovely outcast with heart-of-gold (Claire Trevor); a bibulous but delightful doctor (Thomas Mitchell, there's a swell actor!); a stern Sheriff (George Bancroft—there's another!); a mysterious gambler (John Carradine—what, still another?); the driver, Andy Devine—just to give you an idea of the magnificent cast. The suspense is terrible for them and for us—what with Apaches behind every boulder, a budding romance between outlaw and outcast, and wondering whether the horses, to say nothing of the coach and our nerves, will hold out. They all do. It was a grand ride and I'm glad we won.



LATEST in Warners' long series of crusading films is a colorful melodrama, with John Garfield lending his talents to the rôle of a reporter who gets himself put behind bars for the purpose of exposing a corrupt penal system. With their usual astute showmanship Warners have managed to make their message consistently entertaining, and at the same time packing considerable punch, as they show the methods of grafting gangsters in a city prison, setting up neat little dictatorships over the prisoners until a commissioner of correction, aided in this case, of course, by our enterprising young newspaper reporter, steps in and cleans up. It is not a great rôle for Mr. Garfield, with few scenes in which he can let loose his impressive acting technique as he did in "Four Daughters," but he has the peculiar ability to impart importance and reality to whatever character is handed him to play, and whenever possible in this piece he crashes through the plot machinery with poignance and power. Stanley Fields, one of those fine screen actors whose face, if not name, you remember from picture to picture, is excellent in a gangster rôle. Rosemary Lane is the somewhat vague girl-appeal, but there are no songs to sing.

SEE!

ACHIEVEMENT:

"Dark Victory," with Bette Davis' greatest performance

FOR CHARM:

Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess," her first Technicolor

FOR THRILLS:

"Stagecoach," swell super-Western

ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES:

"Yes, My Darling Daughter"

SPECIAL AWARDS:

Sybil Jason, a joy in "The Little Princess"

John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Claire Trevor in "Stagecoach"

Mortimer Snerd in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man"



DARK VICTORY—Warners



AND still another triumph for Bette Davis—this might be getting monotonous by now if we were speaking about any other actress; but whatever Davis does, it may be flashy, splashy, spectacular; but it is never, never monotonous. "Dark Victory" offers our native American two-time Academy Award Winner a very different rôle—one that calls forth a surprising new facet of her brilliant personality—a spirituality hitherto absent from her amazing repertoire. We know Davis can be gallant, gay, sombre, satanic, anything and everything striking and insistent; but we never knew before "Dark Victory" that there can be a deeply spiritual side to her undeniable art. Here, she plays a complex character, a rich girl doomed to death but clinging to life; loving light and gaiety and high adventure, and fated to be struck blind before the end. Not a cheery picture, no; not a kiddie's show; but a brave and strong and strangely exciting drama, which will provide added proof that Hollywood can make pictures, when it pleases the producers to do so, for adult as well as escapist audiences. The final scenes of this film are beautifully realized. George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, newcomer Geraldine Fitzgerald are splendid in support.



YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal



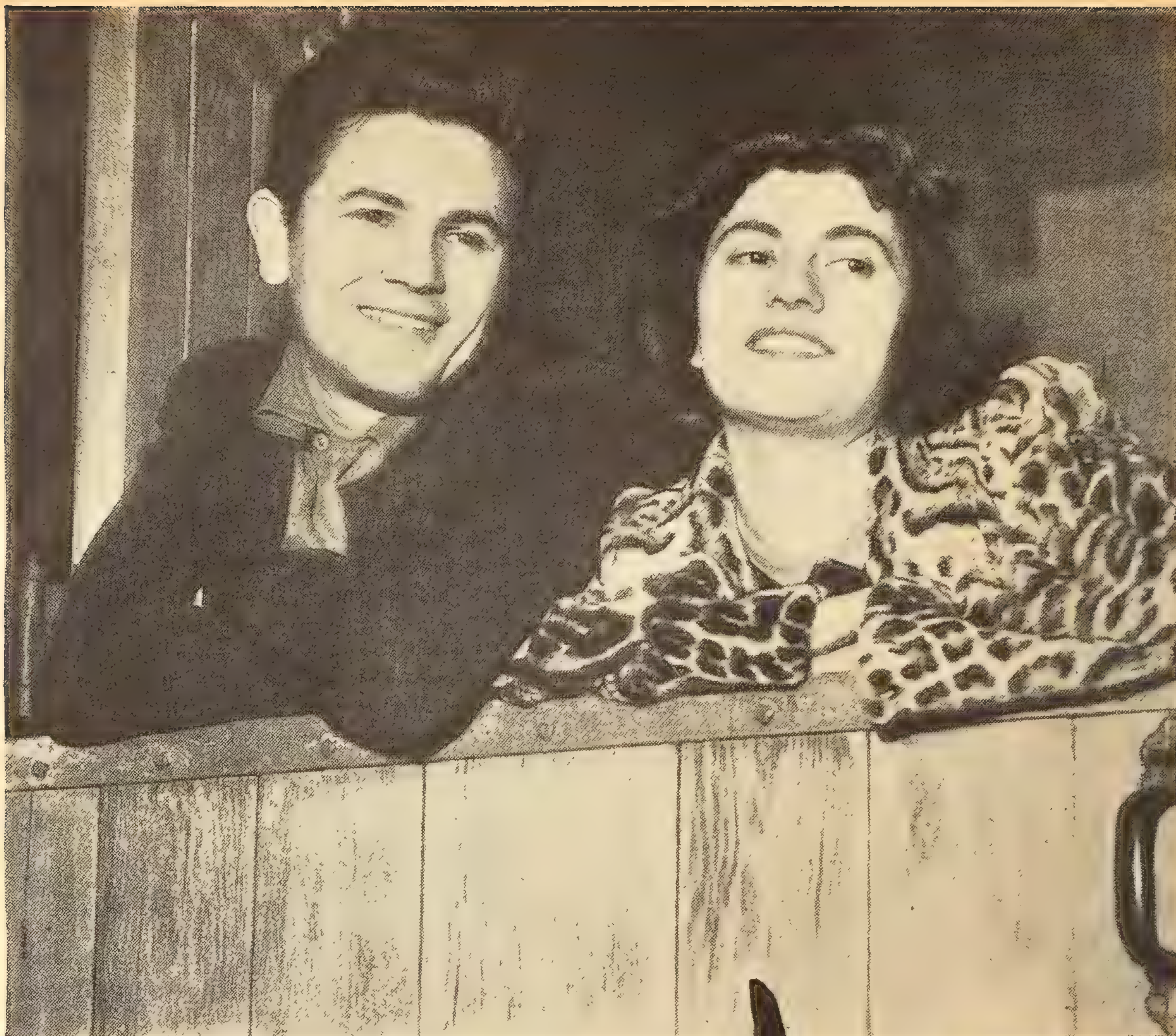
BUT you can cheat an honest audience; and I resent it. Here I went to see this three-star Fields-Bergen-McCarthy show with my face all fixed in a broad grin which was prepared at a moment's notice to turn into a loud guffaw; but when I came out of the theatre I was wearing only a faint smile on my features, and that was merely reminiscent as I thought of Fields in former films and Bergen and McCarthy in "Letter of Introduction" and Sunday radio. Somehow "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man" is funny only at long intervals, chiefly when Bergen's Other Dummy, the inimitable Mortimer, is on the scene. The great W. C. Fields must take his full share of the blame, because he helped write the story and has written himself a good, fat part; but aside from a ping-pong game and an occasional inspired moment, Mr. Fields is simply rather dull. Maybe he should stick to acting and not write, or the other way around. All I can record is my own bitter disappointment. I shall have to take that broad grin somewhere else, that's all. Edgar Bergen gets mixed up in a romance with Constance Moore—maybe Fields' Machievellian idea to mix up Mr. Bergen. Even Charlie in blackface doesn't help very much.



YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners



THE only really extraordinary thing about this pleasant little picture is the fact that it got some censors all steamed up. I think that's marvellous, because they must have had a very good time and I love to see people enjoy themselves. As a matter of fact, they probably had a better time than I had, because when I saw the pre-view of "Yes, My Darling Daughter" in the projection room there was certainly nothing to get worked up about, so censors must have better eyes and more imagination than most of us, which is why they are censors. Of course, "Yes" was as I said a very pleasant little picture in the first place; but now it has become a National Issue, an Important Thing, and I think we should all see it again and again. There is a splendid cast laboring in this good cause: Fay Bainter, Ian Hunter, Priscilla Lane, Roland Young, May Robson, and Jeffry Lynn—each an excellent actor, and each deserving all the remarkable publicity they, and their picture, have been enjoying. As to plot, "Yes, My Darling Daughter" tells with innocent merriment the story of a nice young girl who falls in love and, naturally enough, wants to get married. All concerned are agreed that marriage is wonderful. Yes, yes, yes!



Len
Weissman
photo

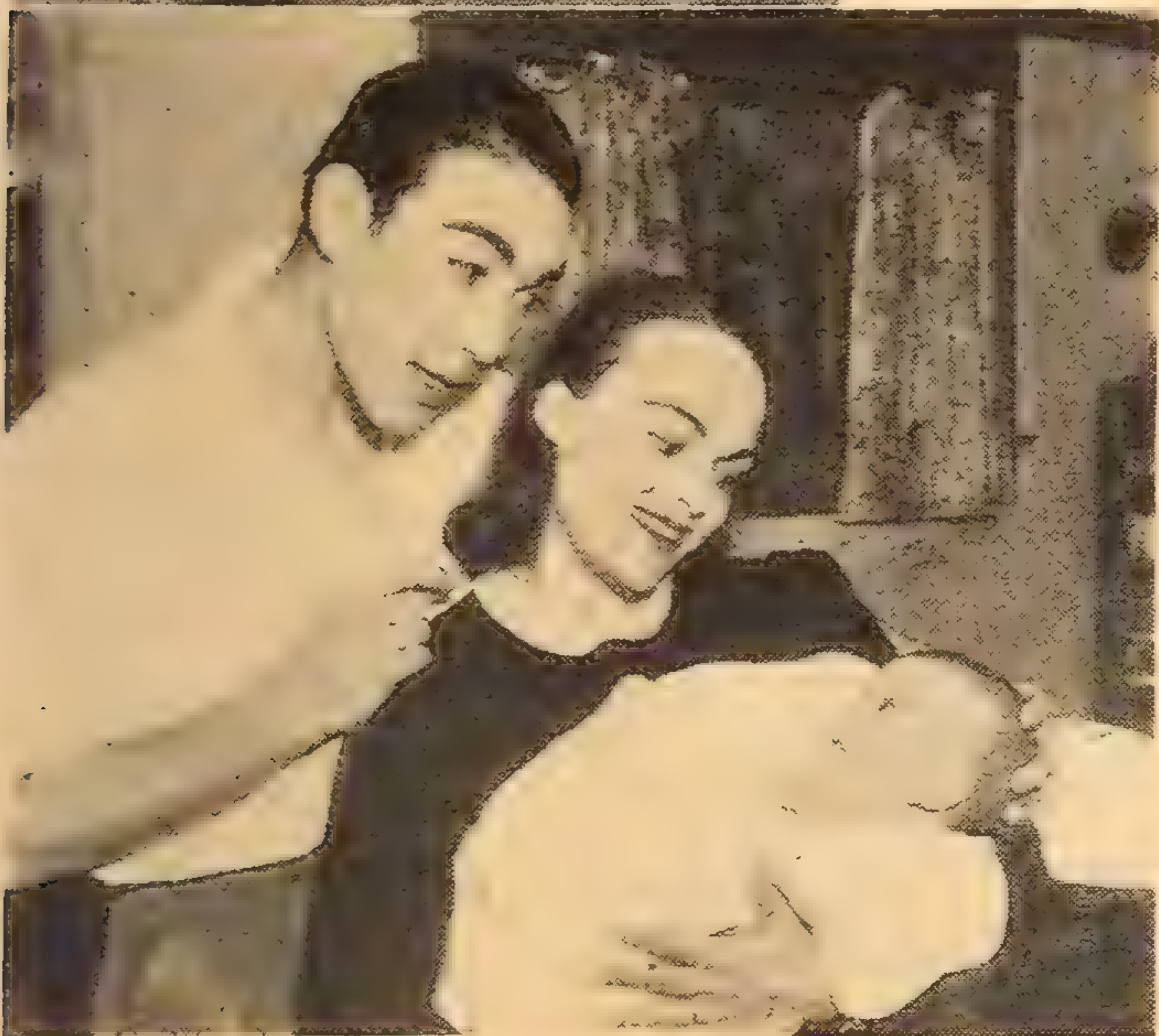
4 Frightened FATHERS



WHEN a man's about to become a father, you've just got to respect his delicate condition—I always say! And whether it's Canada or Hollywood, expectant fatherhood is a bit upsetting to say the least. Of course, there are no Papa Dionnes for Hollywood to point to with pride. But some of the local boys are giving the stork a nice little workout.

Not since that famous day when Fred Astaire confided that the long-legged bird was tapping (no pun intended) on his window, have I seen a due-daddy quite as excited as George Murphy. It was to be the first Murphy offspring, after eleven years of marriage. George made the announcement one night, at Joan Crawford's house. While Joan ran to the phone to order yarn for a baby blanket, we all crowded around the Murphys to

The smiles at top of page belong to Mr. and Mrs. John Garfield, new and very proud parents. The tiny Garfield heiress is still camera-shy. So is the new son and heir of the George Murphys, pictured at right.



Brand-new babies, destined to inherit movie fame and fortune! Above, that pleasant movie "monster," Boris Karloff, is just a beaming papa as he sees his little daughter, Sara Jane, for the first time. At top left, Anthony Quinn and his baby son, Christopher; at left, Tony and Mrs. Quinn, the former Katherine DeMille, daughter of the noted director, with baby Chris.

The hilarious story—all true—of what happened when four famous Hollywood actors confronted the great experience of fatherhood

By Jerry Asher

offer congratulations. George behaved exactly as if he was the *first* man who was actually going to become a father!

George held up amazingly well, I must admit. Of course he had his little odd spells. At times he insisted on being alone, so he could sit in a corner with a far-away look in his eyes. But considering the wear and tear on his nervous system, George faced his approaching fatherhood like a brave little man. One day he and I were out on the links at Lakeside. From the clubhouse in the distance, a bell boy came running down the steps and headed in our direction. George saw him coming and started waving his arms like a madman. "Is it for me?" George shouted. "Do they want me at home?" The mere knowledge that his baby wasn't due for another two months, George dismissed lightly.

"It ain't for you," answered the bell-boy, while George all but shook the information out of him. "It's for Johnny Weissmuller. The studio signed a new ape. They just called and want Johnny to come over and test with him for 'Tarzan'."

Several days later I had lunch with George at M-G-M. Suddenly George realized he hadn't called his home in the last twenty minutes. The next thing I knew, we were in George's car on our way to Beverly Hills. From the servant who answered the phone, George had caught the one word, "sick." That's all he needed to hear! "Oh, I

hope nothing's happened to Julie." George kept muttering to himself, as we went through every traffic signal.

At the Murphy residence, it couldn't have been more peaceful. Julie was down-town taking a knitting lesson. The sick member of the household was "Jock," a prize-winning collie that had been frightened by a small earthquake. (If the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce reads this, maybe it was only a heavy truck on the highway!)

Came the day when Julie Murphy went to the hospital. While they waited for the stork, the Murphys played a nice friendly game of backgammon. His hands were hardly trembling at all, George told himself. Finally, the doctor interrupted the game. Yes, George did seem rather glad to stop. But Julie wasn't going to be put off so lightly. George was beating her. Stork or no stork, she wasn't going to give up until she won her money back.

Like Garbo, George just wanted to be alone. In the father's waiting room, he tried to figure out a new dance step. Four times he read through a guest book and tried to think of things that were funnier than had been en- scribed by waiting fathers be- (Please turn to page 88)

SCREENLAND GLAMOR SCHOOL





Salute Spring with new clothes and fresh, vital viewpoint, says Ann Sheridan. It's the sublimely silly season—dress for it!

See large picture on opposite page for Ann's favorite Spring costume: smart three-piece wool suit with collarless jacket of soft yellow and olive-green plaid; yellow wool gored skirt, and yellow topcoat. Topping it all is a flat-crowned sailor of natural straw with olive-green feather. At left, fitted jacket of blue and gray shadow plaid with silver buttons over navy blue wool skirt. Her kettle-brimmed sailor of navy straw is accented with fuchsia. Below, new Spring coat of oatmeal tweed with stitched inverted pleats and high stand-up collar. Ann's hat is natural straw with a veil and feather "fancy" of brown.

Photographs of Miss Sheridan especially posed for SCREENLAND Glamor School by Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.

Edited by

Ann Sheridan





Ann Sheridan, whose latest film is "Naughty but Nice," and whose forthcoming appearance with Errol Flynn in "Dodge City" will attract wide attention, poses for SCREENLAND Glamor School, above, wearing a gay jacket costume of lavender and navy blue. The full pleated skirt is topped with a double-breasted plaid jacket of navy and lavender. A band of lavender matching the skirt edges the collar and cuffs. Ann's sailor is trimmed with feathers combining the two shades.

Sultriest of all new sirens on the screen, in private life Ann Sheridan is just a grand, typically alert and active American girl. So she wants clothes she can wear with ease, rather than stressing extreme chic—and we think she has selected, here, some Spring costumes to interest other dynamic young moderns

Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.



At left, lustrous tile-red crepe striped in yellow, black, and green has been used for this new Spring dress, a modified "shirtmaker" with high neckline, short sleeves, and fitted waist. The skirt is cut with "umbrella" gores. Ann's black patent leather bag matches her belt. Above, simple but striking navy blue sheer dinner costume, whose only note of trimming is the white piqué appliqué in formal motif. The soft bodice is caught into a snug waistband, the full skirt is topped by a short-sleeved bolero.



Jeanette Packs her Bag

What happens when the Singing Queen of the movies walks out on Hollywood for a three months' concert tour? Here's the whole hilarious story

By Elizabeth Wilson

DON'T know why it is—I'm beginning to suspect I don't live right—but whenever I get an assignment to do a story on a star she is always rushing frantically to go some place. Other writers, it seems, are not faced with that problem. I am constantly reading in the magazines where they spend many hours, albeit days, on interviews in the homes of the stars—swimming lazily in the pool, lolling in the sunshine on the terrace, being oh, so gay around the tea table, and making merry quips over cocktails in the rumpus room. It's all so leisurely and lovely, and so utterly, divinely chummy. Jeepers Creepers, how it burns me up! Why, the very minute I get an assignment on a star she starts packing. I can make a vagabond out of a homebody at the drop of a pencil. My interviewing, darn it, has to be done screaming under a dryer at Westmore's (and did you ever try to get a "real truth" under a dryer?), or two seconds over the phone while she's waiting for her hats to arrive, or in the car on the way to the station with luggage nicking me in the shins—and the nearest to a quotation I ever get is "Goodbye" as the train pulls out.

Well, anyway, when I received this assignment to do a story on Jeanette MacDonald I optimistically thought, dope that I am, that my luck had changed. Tea and crumpets, I said, at least tea and crumpets. For Jeanette is famous for her kindness to and her consideration of the press. One of the most charming and gracious of the stars, she realizes that writers are not prestidigitators (sometimes I think there was one in my family tree) and can't go around pulling stories out of thin air, or hot air, for that matter. She thinks that an interview is important and should be conducted as pleasantly and painlessly as possible on the part of the star. She is very methodical, and schedules her interviews with the same care and precision as she does her French and vocal lessons. When Jeanette says she will give an interview she gives it, right on the dot, and it isn't dragged in helter-skelter by the skin of its



Thousands of film and song fans in the United States will be seeing this beautiful smile "in the flesh" when Jeanette takes her swing around the country in person. Right, the "Mac-Raymonds," as husband Gene calls 'em, in an evening at home before Jeanette left Hollywood. He'll join her soon.

teeth. The girl's a set-up, I said, and prepared to loll for hours on the Mac-Donald-Raymond (they simplify it to Mac-Raymond) terraces and drink cups and cups of tea.

But everything happens to *me*. Jeanette, I discovered to my horror, was on the verge of taking off on a concert tour! Well, I've had Wanderlust, New York, and Reno come between me and my art, but I never had a concert tour before. At least it was a novel twist. "All my life I've wanted to go on a concert tour," said Jeanette over the phone, a certain excited breathlessness coming through her usual polite restraint. "I've been planning it carefully for the last two years. But"—and here an embarrassed giggle came over the wire—"I've put off doing everything until the last two days. Isn't it awful? Fittings, repertoire, dentist, I'm going crazy! I'd like to see you but I haven't a minute to spare and the place is a madhouse." Miss MacDonald methodical? Miss MacDonald methodical, my eye! Un huh, I thought, either that much-publicized schedule of hers has suddenly reared up on its haunches like a Frankenstein monster and slapped her down, or else Miss Jeanette is just a human being with the inevitable weakness for

procrastination like the rest of us. Miss Jeanette—and it does my heart good to tell you—is so very much like the rest of us that she couldn't remember where she had packed her music, and furthermore she locked her trunk with the key inside.

I must have sounded pretty woebegone over the phone because Jeanette relented just a little bit and said to come on up and maybe she could squeeze me in between her voice lesson and her fitting with Irene. I guess I'm just an optimistic soul, even after all these years of departing movie stars. But anyway, interview or no interview, I thought I owed my eyes a treat. I never get tired of looking at Jeanette MacDonald. Glamor Girls are not always as beautiful as they are cracked up to be, as you have probably surmised, but Jeanette is one star who is extremely easy on the optics. Remember how rose and blue and gold she looked in Technicolor in "Sweethearts"? Remember how wonderfully red her hair shone? Well, she's just like that in real life. She is one of the few stars that a writer



can describe as "breathlessly beautiful" and not have to worry about being struck dead the next moment for lying. I grabbed my pencil—just in case—and left for Bel Air, where on the highest hill you find the honeymoon house of the Raymonds. But before we go into that I would like to tell you a few things about Jeanette's concert tour, so please stand by for station identification.

Ever since she was a child singing Sunday School songs back in Philadelphia, Pa., and later singing popular ditties on Broadway, Jeanette has dreamed dreams of a concert tour. Unlike most young singers her goal was never the (*Please turn to page 98*)

Camera-Crazy!

Rosalind Russell is pleasantly mad about making pictorial records of all her good times and good friends here and abroad

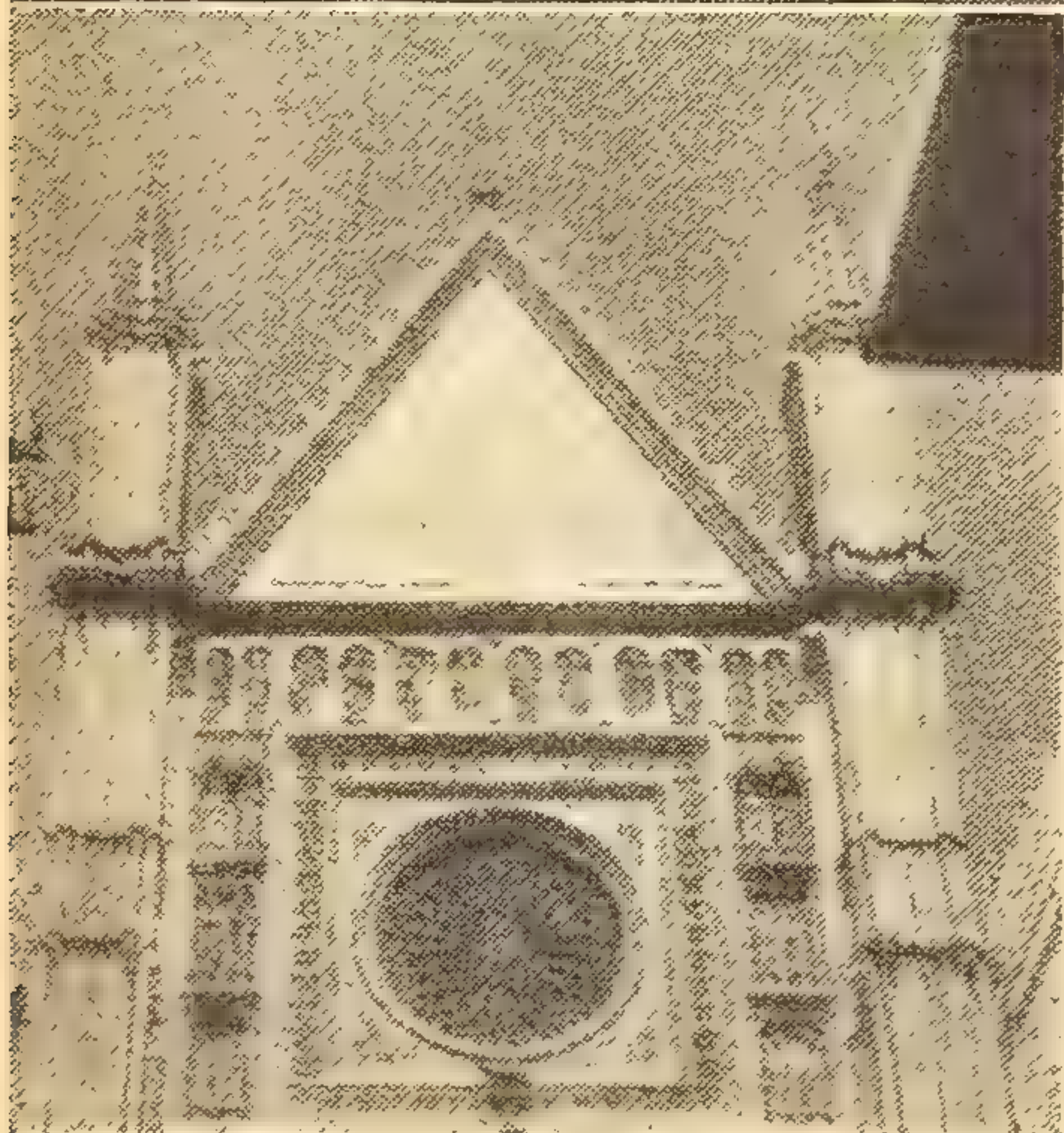
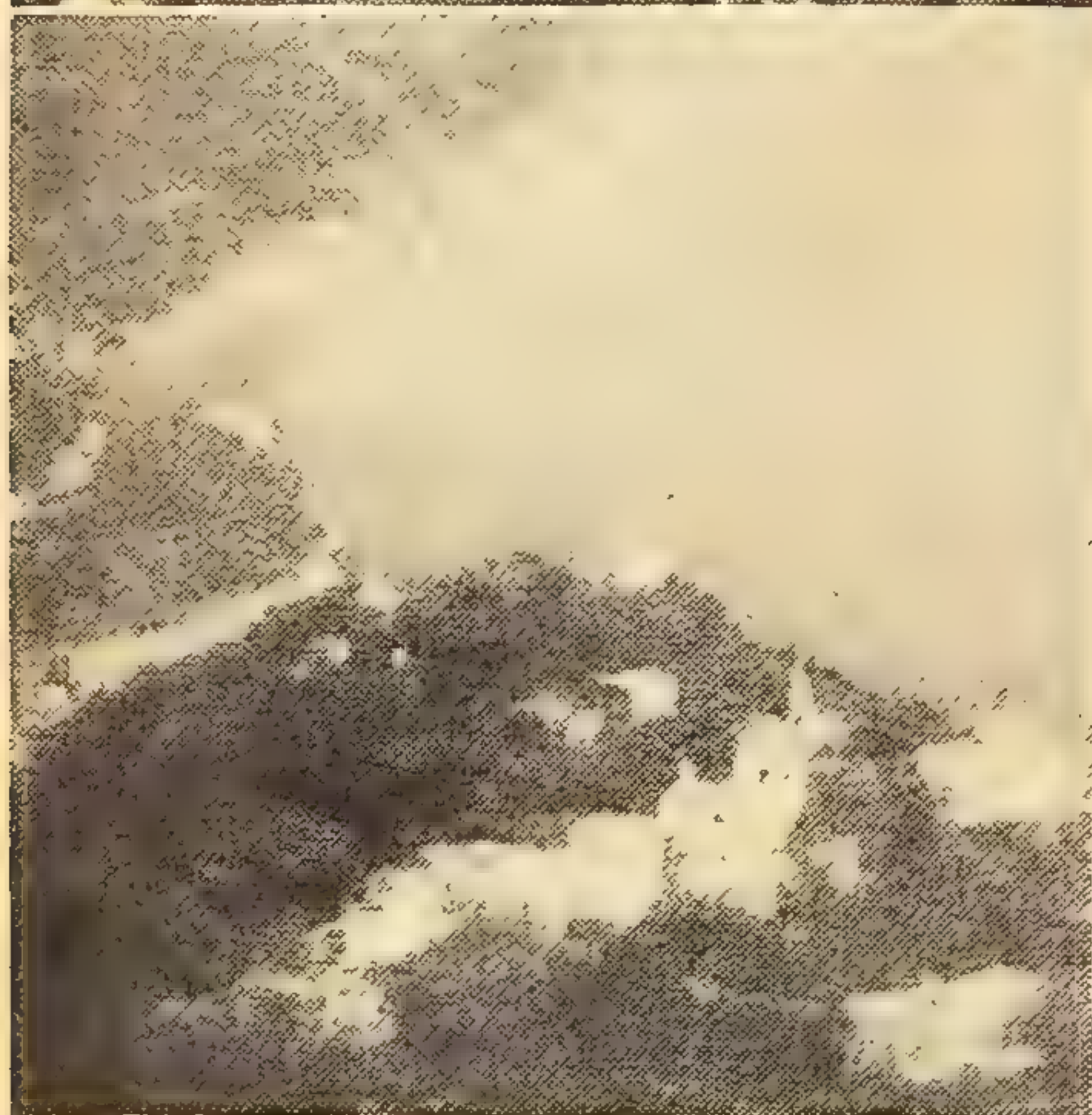
By
Ruth Tildesley

Rosalind shoots as she goes! Upper left, she gets shot in Florence; reading down, her own pictures of Italy: from Garbo's villa terrace at Ravello shooting down on Amalfi; cathedral in Perugia; the Coliseum; and coming home on the Nieuw Amsterdam.



ROSALIND RUSSELL began to want a camera because she knew Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, and John Swope, all of whom are camera enthusiasts. "It was John Swope who talked me into buying one," she remembers, "and now I have three! These shots are the product of my trip abroad. But next time I go—and may it be soon!—I shall work out a sort of theme first and then shoot as I go so as to illustrate the theme."

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star would have made a lovely shot herself as she sat on the chartreuse couch in her den, dark head silhouetted against light walls, her champagne-and-taupe plaid dress making interesting patterns as she moved. "I really didn't get very practical about using a camera until I knew I was to go abroad," she said, slim fingers busy among the tea things. "Then I thought of all the marvelous scenes I could bring home with me to remember the trip. I should have learned more about photography before I went, but I was in a great rush. The day I was leaving, John Swope came over. I had the



house full of dressmakers, people packing, people doing last things to the house, people from the studio with messages and packages. He brought his camera to take the picture he used in his book, of an actress studying her script in bed. I was doing a thousand last things, trying on clothes, deciding what should go and what to do with what shouldn't go, and so on. John kept crying: 'Come on! Hop into bed! Hurry!' and every time I started to listen to him, something else happened.

"I swore I wouldn't let him do a picture of me in bed, but he was a man with one idea, so at length I put a marabou jacket over my dress and posed against the pillows with the script. He fussed and fussed, but the result is very nice. While he was there, he tried to explain what I should know about cameras, but there were so many interruptions I couldn't concentrate. I simply learned how to load and unload my camera and what to do with filters and let the rest of his instruction go out of the window. But now that I've taken pictures, I realize what I don't know and want to learn how to do things right.

"The more pictures you take, the more the camera craze gets you. Because I knew so little about what should or shouldn't be done, I found I wasn't hampered by rules. I saw something and I shot it. If I'd known better, I might have stood back and looked at a scene and said: 'No, it's too dark. Those shadows don't mean anything. There's too much—or not enough—in that picture.' Not knowing, I simply clicked



the shutter, and often got quite good things by accident. Naturally, though, I don't care to go blundering around forever. I mean to *know* next time."

Doors fascinate Rosalind. She goes around admiring them. "In England there are (*Please turn to page 86*)

Star shoots star! Left, Rosalind Russell snaps Bob Montgomery on the set of "Fast and Loose," in which they co-star for M-G-M. More of the Russell camera record at right, reading from top: Michael Angelo's The Boy David; from Captain's bridge on Conte di Savoia, docking; Italian church; street in Pompeii; and door to St. Francis of Assisi.





Home-Maker at 12

Talk about the house that Jack built! You should see this one—it's really two—that Jane Withers built

By Charles Darnton

SHE has done a big thing for a little girl. In these days when everything's going up, even women's hair, Jane Withers has put up as fine a place as you'd ever hope to see. But you may get a crick in the neck peeking at it from the sweeping curve of Sunset Boulevard just around from the university in Westwood. (There's a good reason for its being there—tell you about that later.) You're apt to get it in the neck, first of all, from the flowered embankment shelving gorgeously from the roadway to a hill-riding white fence. Then the grounds, green as springtime, keep on climbing to a white low-slung ranch house. This sort of fools you at first into thinking the Witherses don't live there because well over to one side there's a bigger two-storied dwelling, also white and what you'd call streamlined, or maybe yacht-styled. When you've legged it to the highest point you just have to turn around—that is, in your mind—and get things straightened out. That first house is where the Witherses live, with ten rooms and a patio in which to spread themselves. But the big surprise is that larger place over there, for that's Jane's playhouse, if you please. Rolling around, this way and that, are acres and acres going into the making of a \$70,000 estate. And it's all Jane's, every cent of its cost earned by her. The extraordinary part of this most extraordinary youngster is that she's a home-maker at 12.

It made it seem all the more her very own home for Jane herself to open the door with a gracious greeting. Very sweet. She was quite the little lady. And I had



Set in green and lovely acres is Jane's ranch house, above, where she lives with her mother and father. It's a white, low-slung home of ten rooms and patio.

only to set eyes on her to see she was surprisingly unlike her screen reflection, for one thing, far prettier. She had on what she called her "flower pot dress" because of its little green wool bolero decorated with appliquéd—that's the word—tiny felt flower pots sprouting diminutive gaily colored felt flowers and leaves. With it went a simple white blouse and flaring navy skirt. Bare legs ran down to white socks and brown shoes. Jane's dark brown hair was pulled up from her ears and tied with a bright green ribbon, and little bangs flirted over apple-smooth skin. Next it was my pleasure to meet Mrs. Withers, kindly with eyes dark as her bobbed hair. A bit on the plumpish side, she was "homey," and probably about thirty-five. Sincere and direct, she had a warming smile.

After a while Jane wanted to know if I'd like to go out and see her pets. Didn't take long to fix *that* up. Her mother was to join us afterward in Jane's playhouse. As we started for the rear door a genial parrot sang out from another room, "Have a good time, have a good time!" And did we! Down the slope at the back was an enclosure alive with a welcoming menagerie. In it were a Sicilian donkey, two little deer, a pony, dogs, goats, chickens, ducks, turkeys, rabbits, and goodness knows what else. All, made unafraid by knowing nothing but kindness, swarmed to the gate partly opened by Jane, all but glinting pheasants shyly aloof in the background. Cactus, the donkey, and Dot and Dash, the deer, were gluttons for petting. When at last we turned away, they followed us with longing eyes.

On our way to the second house, Jane skipped across the lawn to pick a rose for my buttonhole. As she flashed back, beaming, it crossed my mind that she herself was one of the brightest of those flowers of life: children. Standing on the tip-top of her green-and-white world, I wondered what had led her to choose this particular spot for her home.

"That," she said, flinging a hand down towards the football field of the University of California at Los Angeles, spread out below us and losing itself in the farther reaches of Westwood. "I love football. See the boards in that tree." She indicated a sturdy oak. Sure enough, planks were set across its branches! "With other children of the neighborhood I sit up there every chance I get and watch the Bruins (*Please turn to page 92*)



Now here's Jane's playhouse, if you please! Top, with a few of her 800 dolls. Right, with her pet donkey.



First Prize (Morgan Dennis original portrait of Constance Bennett and "Sandy"): V. M. Carlisle, Hartford, Conn., for this photograph of her pet, "Don Dee," described as "a wise old lady Cairn terrier, 12 years old."



Winner of \$5.00: I. C. Adams, Calistoga, Cal., for this charming study, "Chums," of spotted deer and contented cat.

Prize-Winning Pet Pictures



\$5.00 Winner: Bernice M. Fuller, Bath, Maine, for this picture of "Sonja V. D. Kreger."



Winner of \$5.00 Prize: George W. Marchell, London, Ontario, Canada, for appealing pet picture, above.



Another \$5.00 Winner: Ellen Sue Lawrence, Cedarhurst, Long Island, for "Ellen and Terry."



Winner of \$5.00 Prize: Picture of "Dixie and Queenie," puppy and real fox, submitted by Vera Norian, Fredericksburg, Texas.



\$5.00 Winner: Mrs. Harry Lanning, Pittsburgh, Pa., for picture of "Buzzer," 5-year-old pet cat who never growls or cries, just "salutes."



Winner of \$5.00 Prize: Merrlys Eldyne McGuire, Baudette, Minnesota, for photograph above of ice-cream-eating bruin.

These gay pictures of beloved pets are winners of our third Pet Picture Contest, which appeared in the March issue. Winners of the fourth, and final contest will be announced in the next, the June, 1939, issue



\$5.00 Winner: "The Secret," above: interesting cat-and-dog picture, submitted by Elmer Garcia, Redwood, Cal.



Winner of \$5.00 Prize: picture above of willing boy and chipmunk raised on milk, fed by medicine dropper—submitted by Gwen Hartman, Litchfield, Minn.

Here's Hollywood

FUN!

ROMANCE! WORK!

By Weston East



Hilarious trio to make "East Side of Heaven" a film worth watching for: Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Bing Crosby, above. Now, below, co-stars Crosby and Blondell are joined for a studio visit by Joan's devoted husband, Dick Powell.

MICKEY ROONEY is still waxing mellow over the mowing-down he gave Manhattan! He ranged triumphantly from one end of New York to the other on his first real vacation. Now that he's home in Hollywood he speaks of "When I was at the Stork" in a throw-away tone Mae West or café society may well envy. He does the Chestnut Tree, the successor to the Lambeth Walk, but not with the same old glow. The Cocoanut Grove just isn't the ultimate to him since he has done the clubs where the Broadway boys relax. Anyway, these nights at the Grove bring back memories—of the Abbott Dancers, the nine young lovelies who finished their engagement as floorshow hoofers while he was away. Mickey was so true to the fourth one from the left, except when he was giving the seventh one the Rooney eye!

FRED ASTAIRE has left RKO, where he was a star for five years. This may mean no more Astaire-Rogers dancing films. But there'll be more Astaire, with other stars, because he's always worked and even if he's rich now he doesn't want to retire yet. He's taking Mrs. A. on a

round-the-world trip, a leisurely jaunt. The way he was bid good-bye at RKO demonstrates more eloquently than fancy words how well he was liked by his fellow workers. A beautiful parchment scroll, wishing him the best of luck, was handed him, and everyone who had worked on an Astaire picture in any capacity signed it. No other star has ever wound up a long-term contract with such a testimonial.

YOU stumble over cardboard boxes stuck together in the most mysterious fashion whenever you walk on a Shirley Temple set these days. Shirley is learning fractions in the new way. It seems you cut yourself pieces of cardboard and lay them this way and that as visual proof of the fractions you're fussing with. Jane Withers, being less of an angel, schemed to pull a fast one on her teacher last week. Jane was not amused with the period in history she had reached. While Gertrude Vizzard, her special instructor, was out of the Withers dressing-room for a few minutes, Jane got busy with red ink and a tissue towel. She had a realistic nose bleed when Miss Vizzard reentered. "You'll have to go right over to the studio hospital!" that worthy



cried in alarm. Not anticipating so drastic a turn, Jane pooh-poohed it as nothing at all. Whereupon teacher got some water, learned the blood was actually ink. So our Jane got an extra large dose of dates to memorize.

NELSON EDDY was shocked at the news of Doris Kenyon's divorce from the millionaire she so recently married, for it was at Doris's Hollywood home that Nelson met and first courted the new Mrs. Eddy. (Doris was reputedly planning to spend a quarter-of-a-million remodeling her house; but she gave up her new riches to regain her freedom.) The most amusing happening so far while Nelson has been touring in concert was that time when the police commandeered a limousine and shoved him into it to get him out of the crowd that mobbed him. The irate owner shrieked wildly. "I can still see the lady raving," Nelson confesses, "but it was the police who decided that was the only way out, not me!" In New York twenty different times for concert appearances, Nelson never had one night free to see a play—until one week he had there on this trip with his pretty wife to step out with him.



Well, will you look at Mickey Rooney! In "The Hardys Ride High" Mickey, as ANDY HARDY, is getting all spruced up by his city-girl friend, Virginia Grey, while JUDGE HARDY (Lewis Stone) looks on approvingly. Yep, ANDY Rooney sure is growing up.

THAT whole playground outfit you saw in Irene Dunne's latest is now bringing joy to the kids in a Los Angeles orphanage, because Irene quietly bought it and sent it to the less-fortunate children. . . . The Jimmy Ellisons were at the station to depart for New York for the honeymoon they've not yet had time for when Jimmy was recalled for retakes—so they threw a party on their boat at San Pedro instead; they invited everyone to come in old clothes, then handed out paint and brushes, and before the curfew rang the Ellison boat was as good as new. . . . Don't ever drop in on Claudette Colbert, or you'll get the cool shoulder, because it makes Claudette furious to be dropped in on—she wants to do the inviting. . . . Dennis Morgan, the new hero at Warners, is the same fellow who was Stanley Morner, at Paramount, and before that the Mary Garden protégé at M-G-M. . . . Wayne Morris's mother-in-law has a forty-eight room home in New York, so visiting his new mom is somewhat like calling on Marion Davies, who has a beach house in Santa Monica the same size. . . . Mrs. Fred MacMurray went sightseeing at Paramount the other day, and went onto every stage but her husband's—she won't become a pest, she asserts. . . . Lily Pons is trying her luck in a French motion picture of an opera because Grace Moore was so successful at this feat. . . . There are now fifty pairs of footprints in the fore-

high-speed life in the most comfortable one. They drove across country. Irene writes she's even attempting cakes and pies like her grandma used to bake.

TYRONE POWER doesn't have to buy Annabella expensive perfume on account of the one thing she hates most is perfume of any kind! She even offered to buy a bottle for each of the women employed on her new picture if they'd remain odorless the days she was working. The new



Ah, it's Sherlock Holmes himself! Pipe, cap, and all, as Basil Rathbone plays the famous detective character in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," elaborate filming of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story. He had to shave his mustache for the rôle.

flame in Tyrone's private life isn't allergic to red roses, though, so he deluges her with them. She rents a big house in swanky Bel Air, the same ultra neighborhood wherein Tyrone was already settled. She has a swimming pool and he hasn't—one more inducement for him to go over often.



Still another new screen team, above: Fred MacMurray, lately Madeleine Carroll's cinema heart, and Irene Dunne, recently Charles Boyer's movie sweetheart, together in "Invitation to Happiness." Their costumes date back to 1927.



Great actor Robert Morley, whom you remember for his masterly performance of Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette," pictured as he appears in title rôle of "Oscar Wilde," his New York stage success.

court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and the guy who hit the half-a-C mark was Nelson Eddy; they snatched him for posterity just before he left on this current concert tour. . . . Mae West is mopping up big personal appearance money because her comeback picture plans are temporarily stymied by her demand that she be the whole cheese.

IN CASE you want to drop in on Irene Dunne, the address is Sea Island, Georgia. She heard about it from Eugene O'Neill. He had practically the whole island to himself when he hid out there. Now there are a few cozy cottages, and Irene and her dentist husband are recovering from the strain of their customary



Here's Tarzan, Jr.! But he's only an adopted son who arrives in Tarzan's jungle via airplane crash, in the new film, "Tarzan in Exile," which is a continuation of the popular adventures of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan.



Engaged? Priscilla Lane and best beau, assistant director Oren Haglund, attend the pre-view of "Dark Victory."

retaliated by presenting Don with a handsomely bound, specially prepared book on How To Click On The Air. She laughs when she recalls how Don kidded Tyrone Power upon Tyrone's election as king of the movies. When "the king" walked into the commissary at 20th, the day after his victory, two gold-braided lackeys escorted him to a throne chair where they assisted him in eating. But then Claudette realizes she is finally at the studio where one must be glamorous, and gets her mind back on being "refeened."

BETTE DAVIS started that short-hair style and now Sydney Guilaroff, whom Joan Crawford got Metro to bring West from New York, is busily caring for Norma Shearer, Margaret Sullavan, and Ina Claire—all of whom now have their hair cut to two inches all over! Sydney still attends to the Crawford locks, but so far Joan wants 'em long. The most surprising thing about the new favorite hair stylist, however, is the fact that he's adopted a baby son when he is unmarried and is only thirty himself.

RICHARD GREENE'S romance with Arleen Whelan has gone the way of the Robert Taylor-Irene Hervey attachment of yesteryear. He rose, she didn't, and the frowns from the studio powers—that-be put an end to what was an idyllic engagement. While Arleen's studying and working like mad to hang onto her contract, Richard's cinching his stardom in no uncertain manner. He's been given a dressing-room suite in 20th Century's star building, which is further than Hedy Lamarr's gotten at Metro to date! He consoles himself romantically with Wendy Barrie who, having broken her heart early over a social name who cooled, is willing to be fun. But she's not giving Richard all her time. The other Sunday she was driving home from Palm Springs. A cop nabbed her for speeding. She gave him her real name, which isn't W. B., and he let her off with only a warning ticket. In relating the incident



Shirley has a totally different type of rôle in her picture to follow the popular "Little Princess." Missy Temple plays a picturesque outdoor girl with Randolph Scott (plus gold braid and mustache) in "Susannah of the Mounties," with Indians and everything.

Wendy raved about his politeness—and looks. He was the handsomest thing she'd ever run into. (Don't read this, Richard—she wouldn't want to hurt your feelings!) "Then," advised a chum, "you simply must drop him a line thanking him for being so nice." Wendy phoned instead. The officer was baffled, her professional name meaning nothing to him. When she'd identified herself as the girl he'd tagged at such-and-such a spot he melted magnificently. "I was just going to write and ask you for a date!" Wendy said she'd love to go to dinner. He's called since to say that his parents knew she was a star and they're so excited that he's bringing her for supper a week from Sunday that they are repainting the house!

THE real reason the Wally Beerys separated, according to report, was that Mrs. B. is the type who goes mountaineering in high-heeled shoes. In short, she liked to dress up and enjoy their luxuries in style while Wally preferred to be friendly in an informal fashion. He remained a diamond in the rough through fifteen years of mutual attempts at adaptation.

REMEMBER Sidney Fox? Doris Nolan? They were manufactured stars at the old Universal. Pretty, but no longer ballyhooed, they're back in Hollywood, hopefully. . . . Franchot Tone took an unjust beating when the papers reporting Joan's divorce action declared he hated Holly-



Interesting team-work, this—Henry Fonda and Don Ameche, who appear in important rôles in the big new film, "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell," story of the inventor of the telephone. Loretta Young and her real-life sisters are the girls in the cast.



Your good old tried-and-true friend, Wally Beery, illustrates the luck of the Irish in his latest film, "Sergeant Madden," story of the New York police department. The romancers are Loraine Johnson and Alan Curtis.



Still Hollywood's happiest young couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Payne—she's Anne Shirley, to you—step out to the movies.

wood, because he never said so and always told the reporters who interviewed him that it's as interesting as the stage. . . . Don't forget it's "Bob" Breen now, and there's a regular corporation named after him handling his affairs. . . . Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have come out of their farm shell now that their marriage path is smoothed for a Summer ceremony, and you see them cooing modestly at the Brown Derby and other night spots they used to shun. . . . Tallulah Bankhead has finally clicked in a big way on Broadway, so she's not sorry she failed to get the part of Scarlett. . . . Both Loretta Young and Jean Arthur insisted upon Cary Grant for their current pictures, and Garbo doesn't start her new film until he's available—so no wonder Phyllis Brooks and matrimony are waiting a while!

JOHN BARRYMORE nearly queered the sale of his hilltop mansion by talking too soon. "That Chinese tenement was a kind of a nightmare, but it might appeal to somebody—maybe an actor," he frankly remarked before the auction began. He had

three swimming pools and bought the place from King Vidor because it reminded him of Austria. "I'd never been to Austria!" he added wryly. There he lived during his marriage to Dolores Costello. There were rooms for a dozen servants, which gives you an idea of the size. When he and Elaine return from their play, for more pictures, they will continue to rent. The fourth Mrs. B. won't let him get gay with his come-back earnings. The auction was radioed for the benefit of his public.

CONNIE BENNETT'S smartness has never been more in evidence than in the way she's building up her cosmetic business. Over on Melrose Boulevard, near Paramount, there's a modest building where twenty employees manufacture her powders and creams. The walls inside are burgundy and dusty pink, Connie's favorite tones, and each girl who is hired is required to know the full chemical formula of the plant's product. Connie is more than merely president of this corporation—she personally supervises its progress. If business keeps improving she'll take over larger quarters.

IF YOU were Kay Francis these days your face would be so red! It seems that Kay's fourth marriage, which was to climax her life to date with a burst of happiness, went on the rocks before the ceremony was performed. Once again Kay made a mistake about love. But this time she was so sure. She'd made such definite plans to spend half her time in California and the other half in London, with the German baron she adored, Raven Erik Angus Barnekow. The best-laid plans for Miss went haywire. Kay took a cruise to South America, with only her lady business manager along. When she returned she felt like a fool trying to get back into the picture game, because she'd retired so magnificently. After a couple of spots on ace air shows, however, she landed her current role with Carole Lombard and David Niven in "Memory of Love." The baron? He's just one more memory now!



Jack Benny's "most popular half-hour" radio show would seem to have sneaked on the screen, in sections anyway, as Phil Harris, ace bandman, in scene with Benny at left above, and the inimitable ROCHESTER (Eddie Anderson), right above, are persuaded to lend their talents to Benny's new film, "Man About Town."

Long Story on Hair

But long or short,
it's still your
crowning glory!
And it's more ex-
posed to view than
ever with forward
sailor or Breton

By
**Courtenay
Marvin**

Dorothy Lamour's long hair and sarong spell allure. Dorothy believes in brushing and letting that hair loose when possible. Above is a classical arrangement of loose curls with a smart high-low effect. Below, is the high-low effect more dramatically achieved. The front forms a pompadour at the crown of her head, while the back is a broad roll instead of her usual low knot.

for keeping their Rapunzel and Lady Godiva locks. They are a distinct asset.

However, with the world gone streamlined, geared to high speed and action, certainly short or semi-short hair is the thing. It is shorter, too, now, than in some time. The smartest coiffeurs are urging

curls all over the head, a cherubic idea, that is youthful and very feminine. The hair is tapered, permanently waved and combed into soft ringlets all over the head. It is a good fashion for warm days, is formal or informal, according to costume, and I am assured that care is easy.

Whether you wear an angelic halo, your curls brushed up atop your head, the longish bob curled up or under in Page Boy manner, which still clings in spite of all, hair is off the face. It is brushed back at the sides, up off the forehead, and here is a line that I think will endure for some time to come. It is good, for it reveals the face and gives a clear-cut line, always one of youth and beauty.

(Please turn to page 86)

KNOW a few girls who still have long hair. They wear it brushed back from the forehead and in a *chignon* or knot at the back. It is difficult for these girls to find smart hats. Brushing this long hair is really work and a shampoo is an ordeal. This hair takes a long time to dry. Often they ask, "What can I do with my hair?" My first suggestion is that that hair be cut. Since this often meets with icy response, Dorothy Lamour comes to their rescue on this page and shows two styles in which her wealth of hair is dressed without sacrifice of length. Of course Dorothy's hair is gorgeous, and it is a particular asset in the primitive rôles that Dorothy does so well. Stirred by tropical breezes, Dorothy's hair is something for women to envy, were their native habitat a tropical isle. Girls in the theatre, movies, and some photographic models, of course, have the best reason in the world



Peereesses of the British Realm

FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE



Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."



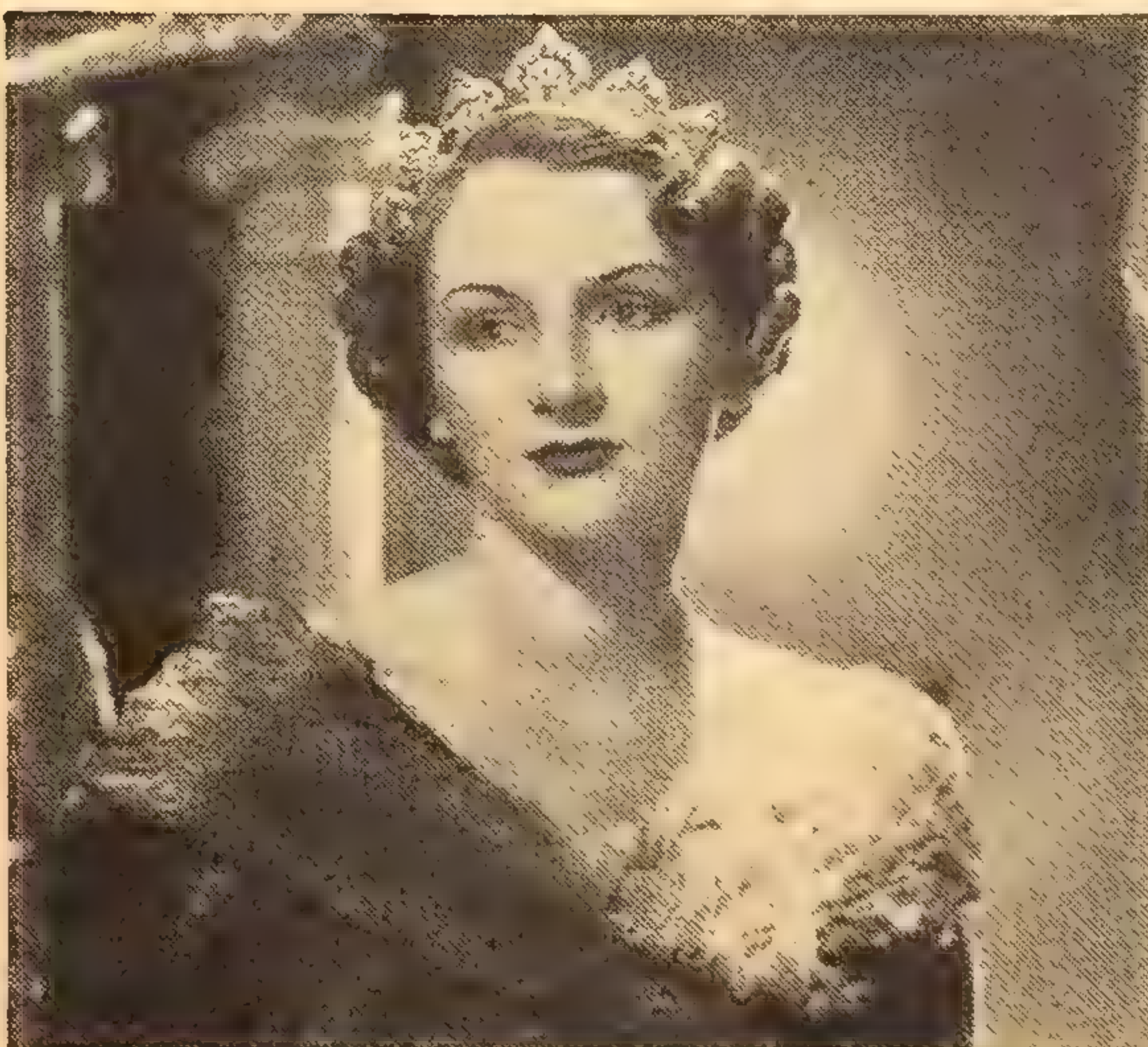
Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.



Often Sings at charity affairs—The Lady Alexandra Haig, daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."



Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"



In Smart Society Journals, photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds sparkle and glamour to my make-up!"



In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. **Vitamin A,** the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Three steps to a Kiss!



Throw away your old greasy "red paint" lipstick! Put on Tangee. Its "orange magic" changes to *your very own shade* of blush rose—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead.



Stop daubing on artificial-looking rouge! Use Tangee Rouge, with the same matching color, to give your complexion appealing "natural" loveliness. Top it off with Tangee Powder.



Then look in his eyes, and see the girl he's dreamed of mirrored there—young, sweet and adorably kissable! Hear him whisper, "Darling—I never knew you could look so lovely."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart salesperson switch you.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

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4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

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My Strangest Year

Continued from page 29

first, it was a smart investment; second, because I'm from a small town in Nebraska and I like fresh air and simplicity! But I had no idea of escaping Hollywood 'pressure.' I hope to stay on in the movies for many years to come. I like Hollywood. I don't know how long I'll stay on my farm; but for now, anyhow, I like it. I've discovered I can't plan my life as I thought I could; I can only aim in a certain direction.

Probably the next thing I seemed to be up against was that budget I'd rashly decided I was to follow, or else. I see I'm going to have to back down on that statement I just made, so far as a budget is concerned. I *do* stay within bounds, as a whole; but to me there's nothing more useless than a budget for every penny. I made a desperate stab at one, but I threw it out. I'd tacked a copy of everyday expense allotments on the wall of my dressing-room at the studio, so it would stare me rudely in the face whenever my mind might go skipping toward forbidden indulgences. I began to feel more and more like a pauper. I couldn't help feeling doomed to dullness. For my own mental ease I finally threw that thing in the waste basket and swore to trust to common sense discretion and let it go at that.

I've never been able to see this theory of spending money on any and everything just to keep it in circulation, though. I've heard so many tales of misery I want to be prepared somehow for whatever may happen, at least as much as possible. So I may have been impulsive, but I proceeded to be practical, too. I had been tremendously impressed with the argument that investments in industrial properties is sound—when you can see expansion's bound to go a particular way that seems a safer place to put your savings than putting them in extravagant and vulgar splurges.

By the time Spring came along I had learned to smile off headline accusations of conceit, and also I'd reached the conclusion that I'd go to no more parties. I'm very social, or was; but when you're in pictures it gets so you can't go out and have fun as you used to without letting yourself in for all sorts of nutty gossip. After considerable debate with myself on this aspect of Hollywood I decided it was going to be better to stick to the companionship of a few close pals.

I like to attend to all of my own affairs. I have a memory that is dependable. I'm not helpless. Or temperamental. But so many little details began to creep up on me that I found my only answer to them was to hire a secretary. I found a college graduate who had majored in psychology and I installed her at the studio. There she is working regular hours for me. It's still hard for me to remember I can always rely on her, but I'm getting accustomed to it.

Radio was my next puzzler for this strange year. I'd acted as master-of-ceremonies on Metro's weekly air show. I'd been glad to try that. But when it was time to sign for more radio work I didn't sign, because I didn't see how one could develop in two lines simultaneously. The extra money was tempting enough, but I want to establish myself on the screen and I see this means conscientious work. That being that, I fancied life was boiling down into a simple thing. But not for long! To my own astonishment, I became aware of a new perspective. I had an ideal pattern for my life; it wasn't a complicated one. I'd wanted to reach certain goals—become a star, earn good money, own certain comforts. I realized I'd been lucky—I'd attained these things. What was left? Plenty! No sooner do you get to where you want to be than

everything's different from what you supposed and you have to figure and work for some new goals. Though I'd hit my mark. I'd found complications and circumstances I'd never known about. And if I were going to hold onto what I had obtained, I'd have to fight!

When you are working in a picture you are so wrapt up in it that you don't have time to stop and analyze yourself. I had a couple of short vacation trips—to Honolulu and to Alaska. I don't think you can change anything by running away from it; people are the same everywhere. Something inside us attracts whatever situation we find ourselves in. That sounds like I'm the granddaddy of philosophers, doesn't it? I'm not! What I'm trying to explain is that when I had breathing spells, got away from Hollywood, I realized I hadn't had the terrific battles a lot of people had had. I realized it was their blank walls, and how they managed to climb over them, that had made them strong characters. I thought of the men and women who were the backbone of the film business; they had become a very real part of the industry because they knew life, values. They'd *had* to be hard workers no matter how disappointed they were; some of them had shot up fast, but they'd had to handle that break to stay in Hollywood. And it was *how* they handled their circumstances that distinguished them.

I was in contact with exciting and unconventional people who shrewdly made the most of opportunities. I began to see Hollywood in a new light. The glamor that is so much talked of was superficial. That wasn't the secret of Hollywood at all.

I hate to quarrel. Instinctively I try to please everyone. And I'd believed the world was quite a fixed, obvious matter. But it isn't, and generous as you want to be, you have to make yourself able to help others by building firmly for yourself. The boy from Nebraska was recognizing the competition and realities of life! So pretty soon I was no longer making such arbitrary decisions. I'm told I still take myself too seriously—I can't laugh at my ambitions. But why should anyone laugh at what he wants? I want to become a really good actor, for instance. Picture critics like to dismiss players of my type with witty remarks leading one to suppose we nonchalantly depend upon personality to put us across. Well, I don't!

I have tried to develop my personality, sure, and it's as tough a job as I could tackle. But that's not a movie career in a nutshell. I've deliberately worked to gain an acting technique. To be explicit, here is how I went about it this past year. When I know what picture I am to be in next I read my script thoroughly. I've no say on the story. I'm to be in, but I want to get the relationship of my rôle to the whole, and know how my own scenes tie in with the ultimate climax—whether its climax is dramatic or comic. Then I go in to the studio and confer with the producer and director, so I'll know exactly what they're aiming at. And I make it clear I want all the help I can possibly have. I don't think I can be good unless everyone on a picture is playing ball. I welcome all the suggestions I can get.

The night before we shoot a particular scene I study my lines for it at home. I arrive on the set ahead of time, having figured out my man as well as I know how to. I took some psychology in college and I think it has helped me reason out why characters react in stories as they do. I'd say I get more pointers from studying the performances of fine performers than from any other one source. Like most other people in Hollywood, I think Spencer Tracy

is an excellent actor and I always see everything he does. I think that during 1938 I improved my timing, and that now I'm less inclined to over-act.

I'm not arty about "my work." I never figure I'll play this thus-and-so because that's the way it must be played, artistically speaking. I consider pictures purely from a box-office angle. I think the audience is supposed to be pleased, not me. Popular, money-making pictures are the best ones in my estimation. So I think that unless I can reach the audience convincingly I've failed. I don't 'live' my parts. I'm not buoyant or depressed because I'm doing gay or sad episodes. I don't need closed sets, or silence while I "get into my mood." I work on my character ahead of time, know him; I turn him on, concentrate on him when I'm before the camera.

I did three pictures last year. I don't think I did my best acting in any one of them; I still feel I was at my best with Garbo in "Camille." I think I've learned more about acting from Garbo and Barbara Stanwyck than from any other actresses with whom I've teamed. I didn't feel I was especially suited to the rôle of the unconventional mechanic in "Three Comrades." The regenerated wastrel in "Stand Up and Fight" was more to my liking. But my favorite for the year was "The Crowd Roars," and the prizefighter rôle in it.

I know how limited my own experiences have been. I know I lack that wisdom which can come only from years of overcoming serious difficulties. So I try to observe and listen to those who have stubbornly made the most of their chances. I greatly admire tolerance and I'm trying to think, always, how I might have behaved myself under similar circumstances. I wonder if I could have been as courageous.

When interviewers ask me questions



Brushing up on some of the tricks they do for "The Wizard of Oz," in which Judy Garland has the rôle of Dorothy and little Toto, the trick-dog, is her pet.

about too personal subjects I say I'm not analytical about myself. That's a lie, for one of my faults is that I look for an absolute reason for everything! I pretend to accept what comes to me, as though I believed in destiny; but I've a hunch that cause and effect exists. I'm proud Metro

thinks I'm never upset, because I usually am. But my faults will out without further confession, I suspect. Meanwhile, the complications I've tackled have taught me that nothing in Hollywood or in life anywhere is certain but change. To hang onto success or love I'll have to change and grow, also!

NOBODY MAKES A PASS AT ME!



I'M NOT FOOLING, AMY! IT'S NO JOKE TO BE A WALLFLOWER--AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I AM!



LINDA, READ THIS BAD BREATH AD! AND THEN--WELL, DO WHAT IT SAYS...SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



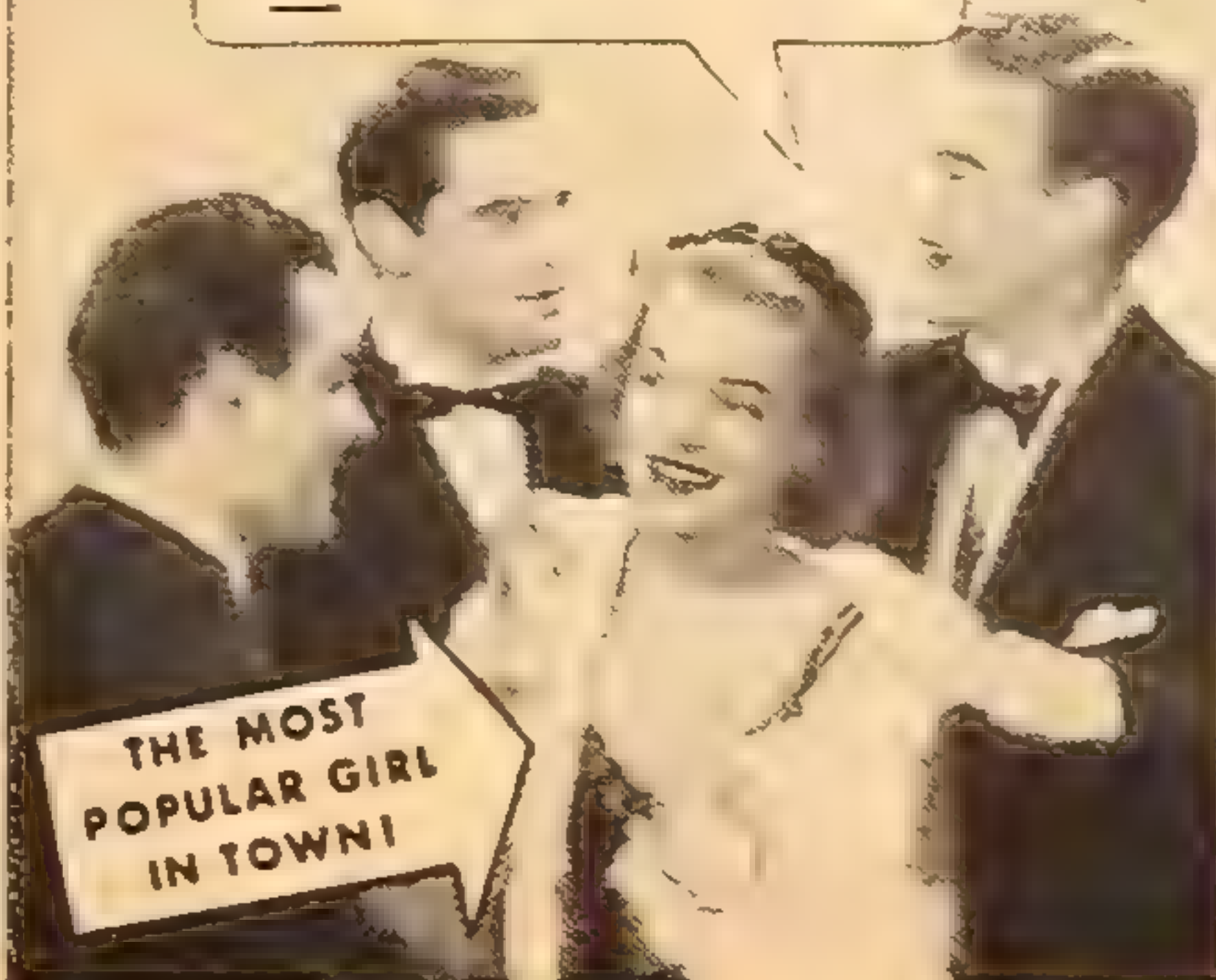
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LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOW LISTEN, FELLOWS! I BROUGHT LINDA TO THIS PARTY--AND I'M TAKING HER HOME!



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BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY--PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



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...A HOME BODY happy at the thought of hubby's new success...



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Remember—it's GLAZO NAIL POLISH for LONGER WEAR!

If you want one of those marvelous manicures you've been seeing lately, use Glazo Nail Polish, as thousands of women do. It costs *only 25 cents*, yet Glazo gives you all the perfection of a 60-cent polish!

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Inside the Stars' Homes Continued from page 17

Okra or Gumbo
Add every kind of vegetable except beets, cabbage or turnips

Put all the ingredients in a large kettle without a lid and bring it to a slow boil and let it simmer for two or three hours. Never stir. When it is strong enough, strain and set aside to cool; then put it in the icebox until ready to use.

SHERRY WHIP

1 pint heavy cream
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 cup white wine

Stir the cream and sugar until the sugar is dissolved and add the wine and stir again. Then beat until it is stiff and set on ice to chill. Serve with fresh strawberries or maraschino cherries.

THIN STEAKS WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

Steaks must be wafer thin. Broil or fry on a red hot skillet without fat, turning quickly and serve with

Mustard Sauce

1 teaspoon Gulden's mustard
5 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon chives
1 teaspoon Worcestershire
Salt and pepper to taste

"I know a delicious luncheon dish that may appeal to SCREENLAND readers. You take good solid tomatoes—as many as you have guests—and scoop out some of the meat from the stem end, crack an egg in each one and set in a baking dish. Put these in the oven and bake slowly just to set the eggs, then pour a cheese sauce, made with American cheese and cream, quite thin, over the egg and bake a little longer. Serve with crisp fried bacon.

"Kedgerie is another excellent luncheon dish. After a day in the open on 'Tarzan' I found this reached the spot!"

KEDGERIE

1 cup rice
2 quarts boiling water
2 tablespoons salt
2 cups flaked smoked haddock
4 hard-boiled eggs seasoned with cayenne pepper

Cook the rice, water and salt without a lid rapidly. When the rice is done, drain

in a colander and set it in the oven to dry. Put 2 tablespoons butter in a skillet and flake the haddock with two of the eggs chopped fine and cook together in the butter. Keep on the fire and mix in the rice. Garnish with the remaining two eggs chopped fine.

Roger, Maureen's Dalmatian hound, bounded in to inspect her guest. He is a friendly dog, white with black spots. "He ran away one day," related Maureen, "and spent his time with some inventive children who sent him home with gold circles painted around his eyes and around as many of his spots as they could manage!"

Over the Irish bread and tea Nellie served us, Maureen remarked that the kind of party she enjoys most giving is the informal one. "I love it when people drop in on Sunday afternoon," she said, "then everyone is congenial and they stay on, having a good time, and we get up an informal supper. We keep things like macaroni and spaghetti and eggs on hand and make some hot dish, and have this Irish bread and some of Nellie's cocoanut cake. I think impromptu parties are delightful!"

IRISH BREAD

4 cups flour
Enough buttermilk to make a stiff dough (You must be able to cut it with a spoon)
¼ teaspoon baking soda (Arm & Hammer)
3 heaping teaspoons Calumet baking powder
1 level teaspoon salt

Mix the buttermilk with the baking soda and add the baking powder and salt to the flour. Bake in a slow oven for 1½ hours.

COCOANUT CAKE

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
3 cups Swansdown flour
2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder
1 cup milk
4 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt

"I just call that my 1-2-3-4 cake," said Nellie, "and it's simple to make. Cream the butter and sugar and the flour must be sifted four times. The egg yolks beaten separately, of course. Then I use a soft white icing and sprinkle on fresh cocoanut."



Our gracious hostess, Maureen O'Sullivan, makes a pretty picture when she serves her guests after-dinner coffee in the attractive living room of her Bel Air home.

TO BLUE-EYED GIRLS

LIKE *Vera Zorina*

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY SUCCESS
"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

**Marvelous
Matched Makeup
brings new
allure!**



Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



MARY: What! Choose my powder by the color of my eyes, Claire?

CLAIRE: Yes, and your rouge and lipstick, too, Mary! Really, until you try Marvelous Matched Makeup, you don't know how flattering a harmonized makeup can be!



MARY: It's wonderful on you, Claire! But your eyes are blue! Mine are brown!

CLAIRE: Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—



MARY: And they found eye color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?

CLAIRE: Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. It's the color of your eyes!



CLAIRE: And Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you've ever dreamed of! You'll adore the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



CLAIRE: And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look... just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective... yet its color lasts and lasts!



MARY: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty instantly! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for perfect color harmony, get them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55c each!

55c in Canada



55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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SCREENLAND LAND

For LOVE'S SAKE avoid LIPSTICK PARCHING

Lips that invite love must be soft lips... sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.

New—an exciting fashion-setting shade, "Dahlia." Available in Lipstick and Rouge.



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Why Movie Stars Hide Out in the Desert

Continued from page 31

little desert city with more bubbling night life than Hollywood has itself—there are traffic signals on the Main Street, a theatre with first-run pictures and occasional previews, bowling alleys (a movie star who doesn't bowl these days is practically as obsolete as the dodo bird), shooting jernts and ping-pong jernts and archery jernts, and just jernts. But the most important spot in Palm Springs of a Saturday night is the Racquet Club, smart desert club conducted by Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli. Here you can see all the familiar faces that you saw the night before at the Victor Hugo in Hollywood. Palm Springs, as you have doubtless gathered by now, is where you find the movie stars who want to hide out and *still* be seen.

Among those who want to "get away from it all" but not any farther than the Racquet Club are Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Alice Faye, Edgar Bergen, Gilbert Roland, Hedy Lamarr, the Don Ameches and dozens of others. They say and do all the things they said and did back home in Hollywood. Louis Sobol, New York columnist, on a recent Saturday night visit there says that an entertainer sang, "A-Tisket, A-Tasket" with gestures, the master of ceremonies gave out with such humor as "Who was that cowboy I seen you with last night?"—to which he replied, "That was no cowboy, that was my mother-in-law," and Gilbert Roland plied him all evening with word games, such as, "Mention fifteen famous people whose last names have three letters only." (Loy, Mix, Dix, and you can go on from there.) Outside the coyotes yowl, and the Indians prowl, but inside it's as gay as El Morocco. And if you happen to be the type who likes a little publicity with your "breakdown," or your "hiding-out," you can be sure that you will get it—there are always photographers at the Racquet Club.

The movie stars who honestly want to hide out in the desert and *not* be seen are found at the exclusive resort called La Quinta, twenty miles from Palm Springs, and the B-Bar-H Ranch ten miles from Palm Springs and three thousand miles from New York. The B-Bar-H is quite homespun and chummy and encourages its guests to mingle around a huge fire of an evening, wear blue jeans, chaps, fancy cow-

boy shirts and sombreros, and eat at one big table just like one big happy family. They are quite a horsey bunch at the B-Bar-H and spend most of the day down at the corrals or riding the range with the local cowboys. During the "season" (and a desert season lasts only from December to the middle of April at best—it gets to be 110 in the shade of the cactus after that) you can find Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin, Ray Wray, Anita Louise, the Jimmy Ellisons, the Harpo Marxes, and Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor almost any week-end letting their hair down and reveling in the lazy comfort of ranch life. After dinner they gather around the fire in the lodge and reminisce and talk actors' talk. Wherever you find a bunch of actors gathered together—on land or sea—you can be sure they are going to talk actors' talk.

La Quinta is neither homespun nor chummy—and here you find the movie stars who honest-to-goodness meant it when they said they wanted to "get away from it all." Here one really can "hide out." There are no photographers at La Quinta, except by invitation. A bungalow at this smart desert resort, which is now celebrating its eleventh anniversary, is just as isolated as a desert island—you can live there for days without anyone but a maid and waiter seeing you if you are of a mind to. You can take sun baths, read, relax, and watch the glorious sunsets without any interruption from the outside world. La Quinta has never had but one movie star guest, however who wanted to be quite that hermit—and her name, as you may have guessed, is Greta Garbo. But even Greta must have gotten bored with talking to herself for during the Garbo-Brent romance, he preceded Stokowski, you know, the charming Mr. Brent was a frequent dropper-inner.

As far as Hollywood is concerned it was Garbo who "discovered" this fascinating place which has all the fascinating mystery and beauty of the desert as well as the appointments of a modern hotel; but it was probably the late Marie Dressler who made it a popular rendezvous of the Hollywood folks who wanted a place in which they might vacation in peace. (The guests at La Quinta are Eastern socialites, for the most part, and wouldn't stoop to snooping on even a Garbo taking her sun bath.) Marie lived there for months at a time when she was "between" pictures, and was the pride and joy of the La Quinta staff of employees. Second in popularity to the beloved Dressler, it seems, is Bette Davis who left for La Quinta last winter when she finished "Juarez" and stayed there until production started recently on "The Old Maid." Bette rested and read in the mornings, played tennis or went bike riding in the afternoons, and always appeared for dinner in the main dining room at nights. Once she went on an evening steak fry, and once on a sunrise breakfast ride (they ride horseback into the nearby desert canyons) with the Eastern socialites and was pronounced a great success. "She," the Long Islanders said in some surprise, "is intelligent. Not like a movie star at all."

Others who love the peace and beauty of La Quinta, and who like to relax without benefit of camera, are Ronnie Colman and Benita Hume, Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins, Brian Aherne, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, the Spencer Tracys, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, Una Merkel and Ronnie Burla, Leslie Howard, and George Brent—(here's



Princess Baba all set for the golf course at Palm Springs.



At Palm Springs, Edgar Bergen gets his fun and sun on a bike.

that man again. Is it Bette this time?) And it is here Eddie Cantor often whips into shape his radio program, and Irving Berlin the songs for his next picture.

A typical week-end at La Quinta was the one I spent there recently and which I would have written up in my diary thusly, if I had a diary, and if I liked to write, which I haven't, and don't.

"Arrived at La Quinta at two-thirty with the worst cold in history. I look like something that crawled out from under a rock and feel worse. I shall not speak to a soul this entire week-end. I only want to rest in the sun, forget double crossing movie stars, and read 'Memory of Love.'

"Later. The manager, a Mr. L. B. Nelson, persuaded me to drive down to the stables and see the La Quinta annual rodeo, and although I am allergic to horses and simply sneeze my head off when I see one, I went. I tried to persuade Una Merkel who is here to go with me but she can't bear to see big men roping little calves and won't believe it when I tell her the calf really doesn't mind. I told her she could look at Spencer Tracy during the calf-roping, but as it turned out it was I who looked at Spencer Tracy during the calf-roping. What a swell guy he is.

"Cocktails with Bette Davis before dinner with the Merkels, and she and I threshed out the movie business. There are a lot of things wrong with it which we are going to have righted. After dinner I meant to read but fell right off to sleep. It's the desert air.

"Sunday morning. Everybody seems to be at the pool or taking a horse-back ride into the canyon. Spencer and his wife, Tim Durant and Bette Davis are playing tennis. Guess I'll wander over to the court and watch them.

"Later. I had every intention in the world of getting my sunbath but when Miriam Hopkins suggested driving to Deep Well for the rodeo over there I went along, though I don't know why when I hate horses so. Back to La Quinta in time for cocktails with the Dick Powells—Joan and Dick had been bowling all afternoon and felt all set up about it, they're that good. Bette dropped by for a cup of tea with us, and we all told her we didn't mind at all if she copped off the Academy Award this year. Bette said she didn't mind either.

"Good heavens, it's time to drive back to Hollywood. And I haven't read a line of 'Memory of Love.' If only I was as allergic to stars as I am to horses I might get some reading done some time, or something."



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COMFORT



\$6

"Roberta"—something new
in sandals...with elastic gores.
Black, Blue, Brown or White Calf.



\$5.50

"Greenbrier"—sport and fashion
score a rousing Tie. Black, Rust, Blue,
Brown or White Llama.

Is yours a problem foot? Have you a closet full of shoes that are almost-but-not-quite a fit? Well, perk up. Try Enna Jetticks.

The comfort of Enna Jetticks is due to their wonderful range of sizes. All the way from 1 to 12. With quintuple A's. And triple E's. So—if it's a feminine foot—Enna Jetticks can fit it. See for yourself at any store that sells Enna Jetticks.

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Girls of Egypt Wore a Magic Charm

At the time of Cleopatra, women wore a mystic charm to make them fascinating . . . and irresistible to men.



Girls of Today Use DJER-KISS

Modern maidens know the way to be completely captivating . . . with the Parisian fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning . . . Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed. Helps keep you cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin . . . you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc today!

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.



DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

we had a different member of New York's '400' pouring every afternoon. In our Castle House program, we made this announcement:

"Our aim is to uplift and purify dancing, place it before the public in its proper light. When this has been done, we feel convinced that no possible objection can be urged against it on the grounds of impropriety, but rather that social reformers will join with the medical profession in the view that dancing is not only a rejuvenator of good health and spirits, but a means of preserving youth, prolonging life, and acquiring grace, elegance, beauty."

"I don't think success is due to any one thing. Our success wasn't due entirely to our footwork. We were young and married, we lent romance to the dance. We were chic. We had an individuality and perhaps a drawing-room quality which cabaret performers did not have at that time. We danced at the tea hour at Castle House, after the theatre at Castles-in-the-Air, and also matinées and nights in the shows we were featured in on Broadway. Danced from January to June. Then we went on a whirlwind tour of thirty cities. It was a hard grind but exciting. People who had heard about us wanted to see us. On all the billboards appeared: 'The Castles Are Coming, Hooray, Hooray!' We devoted half of our program to dancing by the public when they tried to do what they had seen us do. The winners in every city were invited to New York for final contest at Madison Square Garden."

Asked which of the Castle dances was the most popular, she replied: "The Castle Walk, perhaps because that was the easiest. They also took to the Maxixe, the Castle Polka, and the one-step—all graceful and simple."

"We introduced the fox trot. Jim Europe and Ford Dabney, two colored musicians, brought the tempo to us down at our Long Island home one Sunday and played it for hours. We were so fascinated with the new rhythm that we created some new steps for it. The public immediately took hold. It was called a number of things before it finally became known as the 'fox trot.'"



Evalyn Knapp's spring bonnet resembles a Chinese war helmet.

At the height of their dance career, the World War was declared. British-born Vernon Castle enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. A few months later, he crashed to his death. There on the wall of the RKO-Radio office where we talked was his photograph in uniform—framed in wood taken from the propeller of his ship. Several of Vernon's actual uniforms, together with his Wellington boots, hung on racks in Irene's office. On a chair lay her wedding gown—a duplicate of which Ginger Rogers wears in the picture. The story of what happened between Irene and Vernon Castle's wedding day, and the day of his death fighting for his country, was then nearing completion on the RKO-Radio sound stage. The story was based on the book, published by Scribner's, which Irene wrote under the title, "My Husband—by Irene Castle." Hollywood negotiations for screen rights began sometime ago. "When RKO asked if I would sell the story for Fred Astaire," she told me, "my reply was I wouldn't consider it for anyone else! If he hadn't been available, and willing, to do it, the picture wouldn't have been made at all. I wasn't interested in it, if Fred Astaire couldn't do it."

"The matter was in option state for about a year, when finally Oscar Hammerstein, the second, came to Chicago with a script to show me. I liked it so much that I was spellbound while listening—wasn't conscious that it was something about myself. We went seriously into details. I made two or three trips to Hollywood, was packed for a vacation in Europe when, Hollywood-like, the summons came to be there in three days! I was signed for the triple job of technical adviser, researcher, costume designer. There were many weeks of preliminary work before a camera turned, but there would have been many more weeks' work had it not been for the voluminous scrap books my mother kept of all our clippings and photographs. For the sentiment attached, I saved and put in storage many of our dance costumes, as well as those uniforms of Vernon's I could get back from England. On the racks there you'll see his dress uniform, also his famous day-time Tux and pea-green jacket, minus tails which were too apt to sweep glasses off tables as we whirled by. My costumes still look far from old-fashioned, don't you think? In fact, some are in the height of style!"

I should say so! Skirts accordion-pleated—skirts bouffant and with circular cut. Blouses full and soft, and blouses tailored; one with a pleated shirt bosom which Irene Castle wore with a navy blue tailored suit. Buster Brown collars. Black velvet bolero, worn with tomato-colored whipcord pleated skirt, and full blouse of cream silk. Dutch lace caps which Irene Castle created and launched for evening.

Women everywhere copied her clothes. She was a fashion leader because, as she says: "I never followed the fashions. The more extreme a fashion, the less becoming. A woman is never smartly or even well dressed if she is unbecomingly dressed. I have favorites I have clung to for years."

Ginger Rogers, in Irene Castle's clothes, looks so alluring in them she may revive their style—as well as the Castle steps. There have been rumors that Ginger didn't get along too well with the woman she portrays. But Hollywood is a rumor-ridden town. According to Irene Castle's statement to me: "I'm charmed to have young America see Irene Castle through Ginger Rogers! She is lovely to look at. She is a beautiful dancer, an exceptionally fine actress."

There was talk of Irene Castle portray-

ing Ginger Roger's mother—her own mother, oddly enough, in the film. Asked why she did not do this she said: "I wouldn't mind playing Ginger's mother in some other film, but to play my own mother in a picture presenting Irene Castle as I was then would spoil the whole idea. The rumor started by a kidding remark I made when somebody asked me if I were not going to appear in the film, and I replied—'Yes, I'll play the mother!'"

"You may have forgotten I had a brief screen career. I made the serial 'Patria' with Milton Sills playing opposite. About all I had to do was to ride horses, drive a racing car in front of trains, and dive fifty feet from rocks into the sea," she laughed. "I'd like to stay in Hollywood in some capacity," she continued. "I'm fascinated by all these people who are doing things. I get a great thrill out of it. I love to grab my little dinner pail and go to work. I don't play bridge, I was never a woman to be idle. I have to be doing something worth while."

We talked of her famous dog refuge at Lake Forest, Ill. Of her children by her second marriage to Frederick McLaughlin, wealthy Chicagoan, from whom she now is seeking divorce. Her daughter Barbara is at school in Washington, D. C. The boy, William Foote McLaughlin, came to California with her and entered school. (Later, he became the subject of controversy between the separated parents, and had to be returned to his father in Chicago).

It doesn't often occur that a woman so completely can re-live her youth, and immortalize it on the screen, as Irene Castle has done. But Hollywood magic has nothing to do with her charm and beauty and youthful spirit of enthusiasm. The Castle bob she introduced to women of America touches the neck now in soft curls, brushed out, and built up to becoming contour. She



Sally Eilers, left, visits son Harry Joe Brown, age four, who makes his debut in "They Made Her A Spy." Seated with him: Lenita Lane, Director Jack Hively.

still has that grace of the Castle walk—and I'm not talking about the dance step of that name, either. Irene Castle is no back number, participating in the revival of something old. She could give Young America cards and spades if she cared to compete with them in the shag or Suzy-Q. "When anyone my age criticizes something it takes youth to do, it is put down as sour grapes," she remarked. "But I soon could get in

shape to do these dreadful dances if I really cared to."

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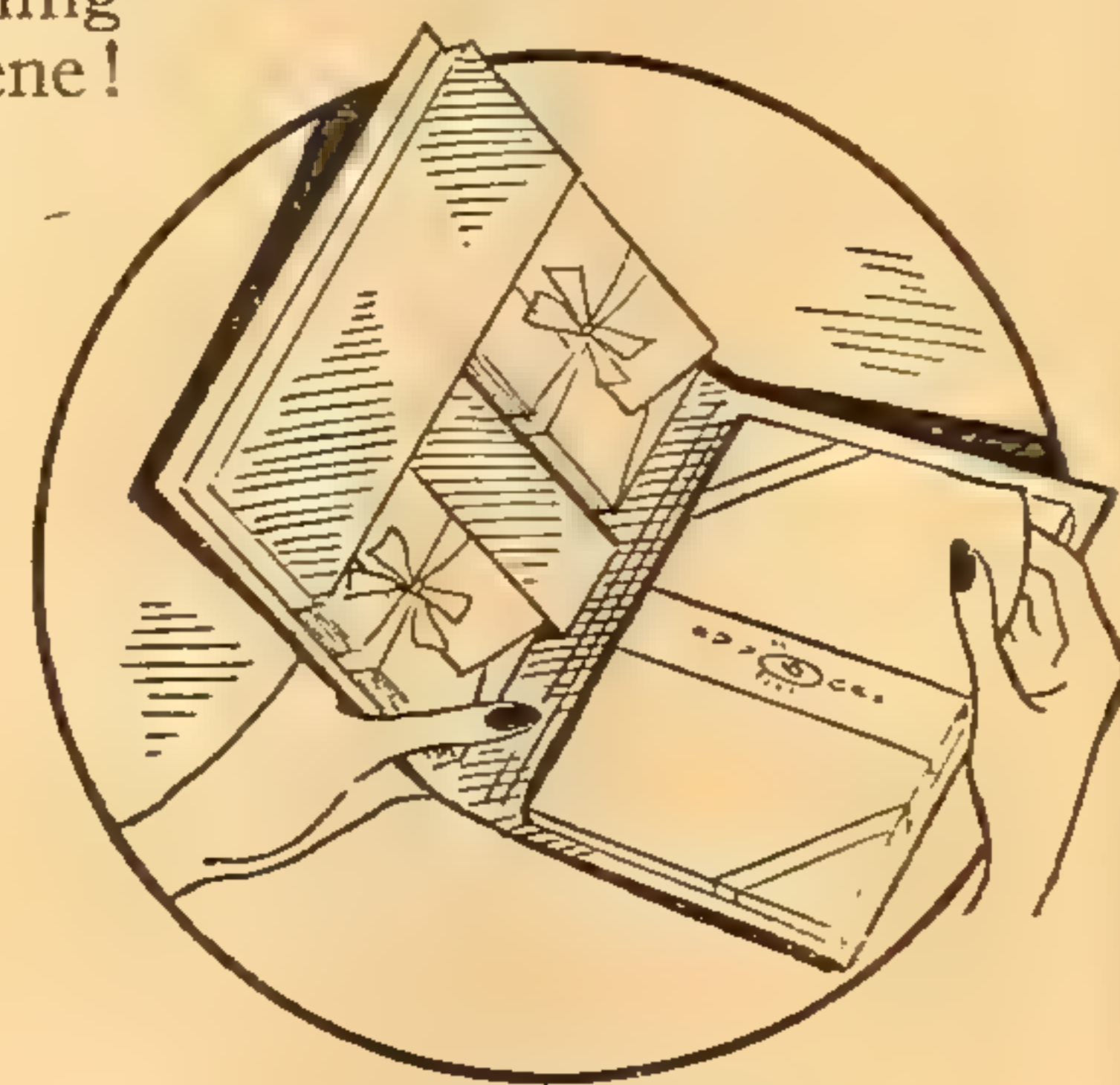
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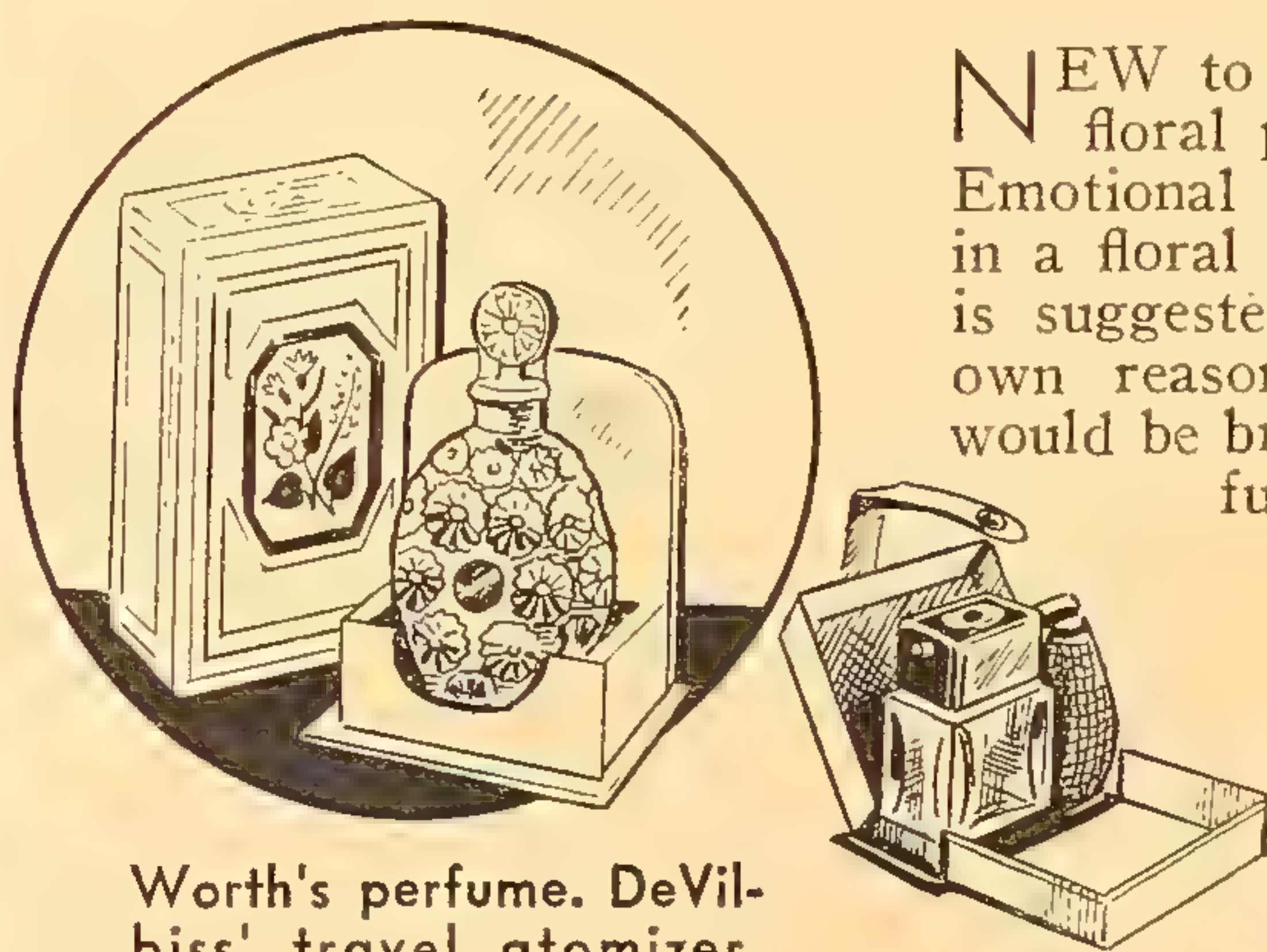
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WITH emphasis on eyes, mascara becomes a "must" for many. There is a Camille Cream Mascara, in black, brown, or blue, sold in chain stores, that is not only a very good product, but has the extra virtue of being so easy to carry with you because the tube and brush come in a cunning plastic case, a convenient size to fit in your bag. Accented lashes always make your eyes appear darker and larger, as you know. Camille Mascara is tear-proof, smudge-proof and harmless, of course. Easy, too, to apply and remove.



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Two-tone pantie girdle by Real-Form



Joyce Mathews tries to help stop a run in Cheryl Walker's hose.

Lew and the Ladies

Continued from page 34

the start. That's when I found out what stars meant when they said it wasn't the 'arriving' that was tough, it was the fight to stay on top that was heart-breaking."

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle, head of the Universal Company, is one of the finest gentlemen the industry has ever known. But his heart has always ruled his head. I doubt there has ever been anyone with as large a family and he tried to find jobs for all his relatives and in-laws. Most of them had no particular qualifications for the positions they were holding—and they were all drawing big salaries. Result, the studio was not run efficiently and there was seldom enough money to buy good stories or pay for the best writers and directors. Lew went from one dreadful picture into another. The success he had made in his first three hits carried him for a while. People still went to see him on the strength of the reputation he had made in those films, but he had started losing ground.

He has always been cagey about money. He was getting about \$150 a week at the time and he saw his success was to be short-lived; that if he was to cash in on it at all it would have to be quick, so he went on strike for 'more dough.' He asked for a forty-week contract at a certain figure. The studio was so determined not to accede to his demands that, in the end, they out-witted themselves and finished up by signing him to a fifty-two week contract at more money than he had asked.

Warner Brothers has always been known as "a man's studio." They remembered "Doorway" and tried to buy Lew's contract. Universal refused to sell. It was about this time Lew developed a reputation for being temperamental. Naturally he was squawking about the second-rate stories he was getting and the third-rate directors who were making his pictures. Bad as the stories were, the films were even worse than they need have been if they had been made by directors who knew what they were doing.

"I didn't care whether people thought I was temperamental or not," Lew explained. "I was fighting for cinematic life. As I told you, it was a losing fight. As I look back now, part of it was my own fault. I had always had a profound admiration for John Gilbert. When they asked if I would like to do one of his old stories I jumped at the chance, never taking into considera-



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tion the difference in our personalities or the fact that a story that suited him might not suit me. The picture was called 'Up for Murder' and although it was one of the better films I made during that time, it was still a flop—which may give you an idea. There was another story they had bought called 'The Iron Man.' The star was a punch-drunk heavy weight prizefighter. I always wanted to characterize so when they offered me that picture I grabbed it.

"I was twenty-two at the time with no stage training and very little picture background. What did I know of technique or characterization? I had no resources to fall back upon. I couldn't realize that my success had been the result of a series of lucky breaks. I thought I knew everything. And that is something for young people who come upon success suddenly to ponder."

By this time Lew was slipping alarmingly. He was worrying plenty about it, too. Many a time I've fallen asleep at his house after dinner and wakened about one or two in the morning to find him huddled in front of the fire, gazing into the flames or embers, an expression on his face that hurt to look at.

"There was a time," he broke in suddenly, "when I planned for the day I'd have saved enough money to buy the top of the mountain across the way and build a big house with a swimming pool, an observatory and a room with a built-in pipe organ. Humph!" He grinned self-consciously but his eyes took on a faraway look for a moment or two. "It's lucky for me I did save a little money. When the time came that I could afford to build, I no longer wanted a big house or a swimming pool. I have part of the top of a mountain but it's a small house and there are none of the trimmings I once thought essential."

Perhaps it's lucky for him, too, that he never cared much about clothes or night life or parties or entertaining on a large scale. Simply as he lived, he was still living better than he ever had before. A maid came in half a day to clean and cook dinner. He had one car and it was a very moderate-priced car. It was during that time he and Lola Lane were married. They had many things in common but their dispositions were at absolute variance. I can think of no better way of describing the difference in their temperaments than by describing them as I saw them at the fights together one night. Lew had on an old suit, a turtle-necked sweater, and a cap. Lola had on an ermine coat! The things that meant nothing to Lew—clothes, night life, parties—were the breath of life to Lola. She couldn't see any reason to limit their

budget. Lew was making plenty, she seemed to think he would continue making plenty. Once I broached the possibility of Universal letting him go.

"There isn't a studio in town that wouldn't grab him if he could get free of his contract!" Lola assured me positively. "A couple of good pictures would put him right on top again."

They disagreed and argued constantly. Finally they decided to call quits, made a settlement, got a divorce and shortly afterwards my forebodings came true. Universal let him go.

"I guess," Lew conjectured, divining my thoughts, "I felt pretty much like a kid who graduates from college. He's free, the world stretches in front of him but he has an empty sort of feeling in his stomach as he asks himself, 'where do I go from here?' There's no guarantee he's going anywhere."

"I did nothing for a while, then someone at Fox remembered 'Common Clay' and 'State Fair' and they signed me. 'Now,' I thought, 'I'm headed for the top again!' Two years had passed. My divorce had become final and Ginger and I married. I walked around in a dream. The exultation I had felt when I first clicked was nothing compared to what I felt now. We were very much in love with each other and I was making a new start with a big company and I could profit by the mistakes I'd made."

His joy was short-lived. He stayed two years at Fox and never made one good picture. The films in which he appeared were all less than mediocre program pictures. There wasn't one that could have done anything towards building him. He left Fox and another period of idleness followed.

Again Lew takes a share in the responsibility for his failure. I think I can put my finger on at least one of the chief contributing causes. Although it has since proven the chief asset in his comeback, at that time his sense of humor was his undoing. He could never take himself seriously as The Great Lover the studios tried to make of him. He couldn't see himself as "the romantic type." The two films in which he had scored his greatest successes—"Western Front" and "Doorway"—were both character parts and the kind of parts he wanted to play. If he couldn't get character parts he wanted to direct.

He often pointed out that if the men who directed the atrocities in which he appeared could get by with directing, he could. The very things to which Lew objected in his films were invariably the things about which the critics carped in their reviews. He had made about thirty pictures by then and felt he should know something about the technical end of the industry.

"Republic was just getting a foothold as a real studio," Lew resumed, "and they were desperate for stars. I got some of my friends together and directed a picture that was filmed at home with a sixteen-millimeter camera. I showed it to the people at Republic (who had been after me to make a picture for them) and told them I would act in one film if they would let me direct one. They agreed. I got almost nothing in money for that picture but, at least, I would have a film released with my name on it as director, that I could show other studios."

"We didn't have much money to spend on the picture I directed but it turned out pretty well and got satisfactory reviews. Once again I thought I was set. But studios are hard to convince. I had made a reputation as an actor so they were only interested in me as an actor. Finally Columbia signed me at very little more than I was getting when I first went to Universal. They agreed if I would act in three pic-



Geraldine Fitzgerald dressed for her rôle in "Wuthering Heights."

tures they would let me direct one. I made the three as an actor but there was nothing for me as a director. They offered to sign me for another year on the same contract—if I would forget the picture I was supposed to direct that first year. As I had signed at that figure only to get to direct, I refused. Then Paramount signed me on the same sort of contract—and the same thing happened.

"Ginger and I were not getting along. People have insisted our troubles were due entirely to the fact that she was going up—getting bigger and bigger—and I was going down—that I was jealous. Believe me, that had nothing to do with it. Our troubles were of an entirely different nature."

I do believe Lew. I know him well enough to know that, far from envying her her success, he would have gloried in it, been proud of her. Eventually, however, they separated. Then Lew left Paramount, and more idleness followed.

"Through a lucky fluke," Lew recounted, "I got the part of the drunken brother in 'Holiday.' It was a character part that gave me a chance to do a little acting. It was the kind of part I have always wanted to do if I have to act."

That part turned the trick. Then M-G-M gave him another character part in "Rich Man, Poor Girl" and he started on that long, tortuous road back. "Calling Dr. Kildare" pushed him another step forward on the comeback trail. He has built big hopes on his part in the new Jeanette MacDonald picture—"Broadway Serenade."

"I don't know that I'll ever be as big as I was," he speculated. "It isn't important. The important thing is that I've found myself—that I've vindicated my judgment—that I'm doing the sort of thing I *know* I can do best. And, best of all, I'm working."

"Someone once wrote, 'The man who hasn't been over the rocky road doesn't



Gale Sondergaard strikes an alluring pose in her quilted satin bathing suit, with plain satin bodice and smocking at base of straps. It's maroon colored.

know how to appreciate the easy going.' Here I've been ten years in pictures, I've been at the top, plummeted from there to the depths, and I'm not yet thirty!

"About six years ago, when I thought I was all washed up, I suddenly realized I had achieved all my ambitions, reached the top of my profession—that my career had

come and gone and I hadn't ever really enjoyed stardom. I wondered what the future could possibly hold for me. Imagine what it feels like to be in your middle twenties and wonder if life is behind you.

"I've been over the rocky road, all right! It's been plenty rocky but I don't regret it nor resent it. I've learned from it!"



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Camera-Crazy

Continued from page 63

so many beautiful doors with heavy door-knobs, old latches, wonderful hinges and lovely old grained woods, that I'd go out walking and come back with no notion of anything I'd passed except the hundreds of perfectly beautiful old doors," she confessed. "Doors, doorways and arches—they are my meat for pictures. They make such frames for shots. In Italy, I found more gorgeous doors—old bronze doors so old that the bronze is beyond even being green, just soft and smooth and beautiful. There were elaborate doors, carved, set with stones, painted, inlaid—oh, I was entranced with them!

"I used to drive a great deal, and when I'd come to a view, I'd shriek: 'Stop!' and pop out of the car with my camera. I remember once on the Amalfi Road we came to a marvelous shot and I shouted: 'Stop!' My driver shook his head. 'No, no, too dark!' he said. 'It'll be black.' But it wasn't. It was really very good.

"I love doing hard things. That's wrong, you know. I should be willing to start out by doing very simple things and progress as I learn. But it's the hard things that interest me. I made a shot through the sails on a little boat in the Bay of Capri, a difficult shot, and was I thrilled when it came out well!

"Next time I go, I'm hoping to have another camera fiend with me so that he or she can take pictures of me in certain places, when I've worked out the shot. It would be easier to use the camera that way, too, because two people don't attract so much attention as a lone individual who leaps up on rails, or crouches under hedges, or bounces up and down stairways and so on, grabbing angle shots. I'm sure my various chauffeurs thought me mad."

When Rosalind sets out for her next trip, she intends to have a central idea that will string the pictures together. As it was, the nearest she came to one idea was in Italy. "For some reason, I seem to have gone in for pictures of art once I arrived in Italy," she commented, glancing through the prints. "I was determined to bring back my own shots of the work of famous artists. I don't know why when you can buy copies of any of them anywhere. But to me the copies look so uninteresting. I don't know what's the matter with them, but they don't do justice to the originals, they are flat and dull. Among other things, I shot the *Boy David* by Michael Angelo. I'm a fool for Michael Angelo, anyway. I tried desperately to get his *Moses*, my favorite of all his works, but that is in a church, and those churches are all so dark! It takes you minutes to see anything when you go in from the sunshine outside, and even when you can tell gray from black, you can't make out any too much.

"I went back several times to see *Moses*, but even when someone held a door partly open for me, it was so dim I couldn't even make an attempt to take a picture. I don't know whether they would have let me take it, if I had tried, but there was no use trying. Even I saw that! I've had some success with indoor shots, but I've made them without flood lights or flash lamps, using only electric lamps. I made time shots in my living room with the little old Argus camera, moving my lamps around till I had what I thought I wanted, setting up the camera and shooting according to my own ideas with fairly good results.

"I like shadows in a picture, as I suppose most camera fiends do, but I wouldn't shoot something merely because it had a nice shadow. It should mean something to me. The shadows are very nice on this shot of the walk of Garbo's villa down to the

Mediterranean, on the corridor of San Michele, in this one, and on the street in Pompeii, but each shot also was interesting of itself. I like this shot made from Garbo's villa terrace of the village of Amalfi. This one of Martini's at Capri is interesting, and this one of my balcony at Sorrento, Italy. To be frank, each shot recalls something I like to remember. That's the fun of owning cameras!"

Long Story on Hair

Continued from page 72

DO YOU WANT A NEW LIPSTICK?

Our May beauty bulletin offers you a sweet gift—a gorgeous new tone in a fine miniature lipstick. This is *the* tone for your Summer pastels. There's also news on general good looks, fashion and some of the little points that make living more fun. The bulletin is yours for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

In fact, hair styles have never been so versatile. You can choose just about what you want, and if it suits you, it can be smart. It's smart, that is, if you have good hair. Good hair need not mean brilliant or exotic coloring. But it does mean hair so clean and fresh that it is inviting to the touch, as is a child's. Hair that has a normal sparkle and sheen because it is brushed daily. Hair—and this is so important—arranged neatly, according to its design. This, particularly, is a trick that gives that "just from the hairdresser" look. Yet it is surprising how many neglect to arrange a curl smoothly, so that little frowzy ends do not show; how many neglect a little sweep or two from a purse comb when the hat is removed to restore that pristine look.

Hair grooming, like manicuring, can take plenty of time and money, if you can't help yourself. You can, however, train yourself to do a beautiful home job between beauty shop visits, and time and again this ability will save a situation. A shampoo, for instance, can be very quick and successful if you have a good preparation. A liquid is generally endorsed for this purpose. However, there are still some "specials" in soaps with their own particular virtues. There is one that encourages the curl in hair, and mothers find it a joy in training more curl into little sister's or brother's pate. There is another, too, that leaves grey or white with a pearly tone, correcting the tendency toward yellowy streaks. This soap is ideal for the over-bleached, too, since it tones down the color. There is a special shampoo for blondes, also, that while it does not bleach—lightens the hair very gradually. A tip for blondes who are darkening too rapidly.

Then, there is a fairly new one, neither a soap nor an oil, say the makers, in liquid form that is sweeping the country. It works equally well in cool or warm water, something to remember at vacation time. It is an advanced step in cleansing ingredients, and it needs no special rinse. One special virtue is that it leaves hair so manageable, as well as soft, shining and silky.

Many perfectly good shampoos of the soap order need an extra rinse to completely remove any soap residue. Two of the home standbys of Hollywood are the lemon and the vinegar rinse. Both of these are particularly good for the oily hair and

for brightening hair generally. To make the lemon, squeeze the juice of one or two lemons in a pint of warm water and use for the final rinse. To make the vinegar, add two ounces of vinegar to a pint of warm water and use as the final rinse.

There are a number of good "beautifying" rinses that add just a bit more color to your hair and step up its sparkle. And what a difference just one degree more of tone can mean to hair beauty. Many of these rinses are designed to the special hair color types, blonde, brunette, Titian, etc. They are absolutely safe, easy to use and very inexpensive.

Brushing and massage are two priceless secrets of hair beauty. Especially the brushing, because it cleanses, polishes and stimulates all at once. It means a little work but you can make it as much a daily routine as toothbrushing. It is surprising how rapidly one hundred strokes will go, if you apply that brush with vigor. A good brush is necessary, one with reasonably long, flexible bristles. The professional method of brushing is to take a strand and brush it up and away in one long stroke, ten or twelve times, slightly turning the brush so that the hair slides over its entire surface. Let that strand fall back and take up another. Very stimulating, very cleansing and polishing. Wipe the brush frequently to remove dust and oil. With this kind of brushing, you can impart a sheen like a satin ribbon. Keep brush and comb immaculate. Cleanse them at least twice a week. Soap flakes dissolved in warm water, a good washing of the brush, a washing of the comb with a nail brush do the trick in a few minutes.

If you can bring yourself to massage, do it this way. Place your elbows on a table, your head in your hands. This saves arm strain. Then spreading fingers over the scalp to cover it as nearly as possible, make

Whenever you see Rudy Vallee he is always sure to have a beautiful girl (usually brunette) with him. This time it's Adrienne Ames who's enjoying Hollywood night life with popular Rudy as her escort for the evening.



Len Weissman Photo

your scalp rotate under your fingers, as if you wished to get it away from the skull. Cover your entire scalp until it feels warm and glowing. Don't just rub the surface. That does no good.

Give your hair an air and sun bath whenever possible. Comb it loose and expose it. The hot, burning sun of summer, however, is to be avoided, as you probably know. Hot sun will burn and dry your hair.

For your gayer moments, a flower or bow in your curls by all means! In the chain stores, you will find some precious bows attached to little combs that go readily among your curls. There are just about a dozen or more ways to wear these bows. If you choose flowers, have them fresh. With the exception of combs, the jeweled hair ornament seems on the way out. And

spray on some perfume. Nowhere is perfume more effective than on shining, clean hair. By all means use a hair net over that just so-and-so coiffure, especially the up styles. Affairs that you can hardly detect come for general wear, while a thicker mesh is splendid protection for putting your hair to bed. In the chain stores, you will also find grand little curling gadgets, if your permanent is growing out; fine shampoos in smaller versions; tonics and a dozen and one things to make that hair, long or short, what it always was and ever will be—woman's crowning glory!

Madame Suzy's little sailors sit higher than ever; Bretons rest at a perilous angle. A nosegay is dangerously perched over one eyebrow. The rest of your head is hair. That's how important hair is this season.



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fore him. When a figure appeared in the doorway, George leaped to his feet. He was sure it was the nurse, and yet she looked strangely like Ann Sothern. Finally, George had to admit to himself that it *was* Ann Sothern. Being an old friend of the Murphys, when she heard that Julie had gone to the hospital Ann felt that she just had to be there in case they needed her.

Standing by the delivery-room door, Ann finally heard the baby cry. Rushing into George, Ann shouted, "It's here, George, it's here!" George mechanically got up and walked out. No, he wasn't going to faint. Fathers only did that in moving pictures. But he still didn't believe what Ann was saying. Finally, when George heard the baby cry, it was a different story. Just as brave as a man walking up those thirteen steps, George pushed open the door and went in to see young Dennis Michael Murphy.

Eventually, later, George got to a phone booth. He could barely read the names on a frayed list he had been carrying around for weeks. Everyone must know that Dennis Michael (the Michael is after George's father, a famous Yale coach) had arrived. Still not sure that he had phoned everyone, George went down the list again, this time sending telegrams. Looking back on it, George says his first impression of his son was that he looked a little like Bert Lahr! Dennis Michael's first visitor was Joan Crawford. A baby in the maternity ward was no novelty. Joan Crawford was. Every nurse and doctor in the building found some excuse to visit the Murphy room. Just as Joan had succeeded beautifully in stealing the whole show, George suddenly felt very strange. Then he turned white. Nurses ran to his side. George knew he was going. Everything seemed to be slipping away. A hasty examination proved futile. George was in perfect condition. Then he suddenly remembered. In all the excitement, he had forgotten to eat. Since his son's arrival he had only had four hot dogs and a glass of beer!

Back at home, George accepted his new rôle of father with the greatest of ease. Every day he'd go out and buy a train, a football, or a baseball suit. The third week Mrs. Murphy caught him trying to teach the baby to walk. When he works, George comes tearing home on his lunch hour to see his son, who is asleep when he gets home at night.

"I used to be the guy they couldn't awaken with a cannon," beams George. "Now I do a broad jump into the nursery every time I hear the least sound. I've promised my son that he can take swimming lessons from Johnny Weissmuller and singing lessons from Nelson Eddy. And not because he's *my son*, but you know, I think he understands everything I say!" Since he became a Hollywood father, George Murphy is a changed man. Before, he was inclined to brood and worry over his work. Now George has so much self-confidence, he strongly prescribes fatherhood as a cure for everything.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Anthony Quinn and John Garfield called me from the Brown Derby. Tony, I have known way back before I was best man at his wedding to Katherine DeMille. John, I have known since the first day I met him on the set of "Four Daughters." But neither of them knew that the other knew me. And neither of them had ever met before until they started pitching pennies outside the delivery-room door! Now they were both fathers, their babies being born just an hour apart. At the Derby both had asked for phones and both had called me at the same time. Then it was, on a three-

way conversation we discovered we all knew each other. Nothing would do, I must come over and have a glass of champagne. What if I did have to get up and get dressed again? "You've jesh gotta come over," pleaded John pleasantly. "I'm the proud *daughter* of a nish new father!" So we *all* celebrated!

Having been through an experience or two in his turbulent young life, John Garfield accepted the prospect of fatherhood like a real Odets hero. So he gave another brilliant performance and disguised his anxiety beautifully. One day he called home from location and there was no answer. John knew his wife seldom went out these days. Still he said nothing.

Later on John sat between shots and listened to the radio in a company car. A Hollywood news commentator who would scoop his own mother (not you, Jimmy) suddenly announced that Mrs. John Garfield was in the hospital having her baby. John frantically called the doctor. They both checked with the hospital. John, who was then new enough in Hollywood to believe all he heard, was beside himself with worry. When he got home, Mrs. Garfield greeted him at the door. She had been to a neighborhood movie to see Shirley Temple.

Katherine Anushka Garfield's first guest (the Anushka is Russian for Anne, named for John's mother) was Luise Rainer. She was there bright and early and remained all day. John was right there too, but not a bit interested in pitching pennies now. His head didn't feel so good. But his heart felt wonderful. Right then and there John decided that fatherhood was the greatest rôle of his career.

When he isn't at the studio, John can always be found watching his new daughter. With that great interest he has in all things that represent life and living, John never ceases to be amazed at the progress she makes in eating and noticing things. One day he was introduced to a real fan of his named Barbara Stanwyck. When she asked about the baby, John exclaimed. "She's wonderful! You must come and see her. She learned to make this kind of a face today [John made the face]. You know, I'm glad I'm her father."

After he finished in "Juarez," John was so exhausted he decided to go to San Francisco for a week's rest. Two days later Mrs. Garfield was awakened by the front door slamming at five o'clock in the morning. Slipping into a robe, she greeted John in the hall. "Is anything wrong?" she inquired. "I got lonesome for the baby," answered John simply.

When little Christopher Quinn grows up he should inherit a wealth of talent and beauty. Mama Katherine is a Canadian of French-Irish extraction. Papa Tony is a smouldering Aztec with enough Irish thrown in to give him the right to dream. Both parents are artists, musicians, and dancers of rare ability. They are modern in their viewpoints on life and insist that Christopher will be trained and encouraged to do the work he likes best. They'll stick to this even if he wants to be a plumber—but you can bet your last peso that he won't be.

Since the birth of her son, Katherine (who is changing her name to Deborah because Katherine has always depressed her) is even more beautiful than ever. She is quite slender, more exciting and bubbling over with impatience to go on with her creative work. She and her two "men" live in a tiny house in the hills. They both paint in oil and Tony has already started a portrait of his son. When the studio called him to work in "Union Pacific," Tony reluctantly had to tear himself away. After the

picture was finished, Tony and Katherine (Deborah to you) wanted to take a trip up to see Boulder Dam. But they couldn't bear the thought of leaving Christopher at home. So they took him along. He evidently approved of the gigantic project. Not once did he act bored or yell to be taken home. Tony Quinn leaves it up to you. Is he not an unusual son?

When the Boris Karloff baby came into the world, I happened to be visiting Ray Milland, who was in the hospital from an injury received while making "Hotel Imperial." Ray will bear me out that Boris Karloff was not wearing his "monster" make-up, as the papers recorded. He paced up and down the hall in much the same manner as any other normal man. No self-respecting movie monster would haunt the sacred portals of a hospital maternity ward. Boris had every right to be sore at the erroneous report.

Boris had just donned his seventy-five pounds of make-up at the studio, when he was summoned to the hospital. It takes four hours to get into it, but Boris got out of it in one hour flat. On her father's fifty-first birthday and one day before Thanksgiving, little Sara Jane Karloff came into the world. After twelve years of married life, needless to say, the proud parents welcomed their first child. Two days later everything calmed down and Boris went back to being a monster again. The "Son of Frankenstein" company surprised him with a combination baby shower and birthday party. It took place in the laboratory where the monster is brought back to life again. Slowly, Boris was raised from a steaming pit. When he reached the top, Basil Rathbone led the entire company in singing "Happy Birthday To You." Boris was monster-ously pleased.

The Karloffs couldn't quite make up their minds where to build the nursery. So Sara



Len Weissman Photo

The John Garfields recently became the proud parents of a dear baby girl and we note that the strain of fatherhood left no tell-tale marks on John's face.

Jane is still living in the guest room of the Karloff house at Briarcrest. Jimmy Gleason presented Boris with one of those folding leather pocket frames. Boris carries his daughter's picture everywhere he goes. And to make sure that anyone who wanted a picture would have one, Boris ordered six

hundred prints of Sara Jane's first sitting! Boris used to entertain a lot. Now every spare moment is saved for his daughter. When someone asked Boris if he was upset while awaiting the stork's arrival, your favorite boogie man replied: "I guess I was pretty frightened until it was all over!"



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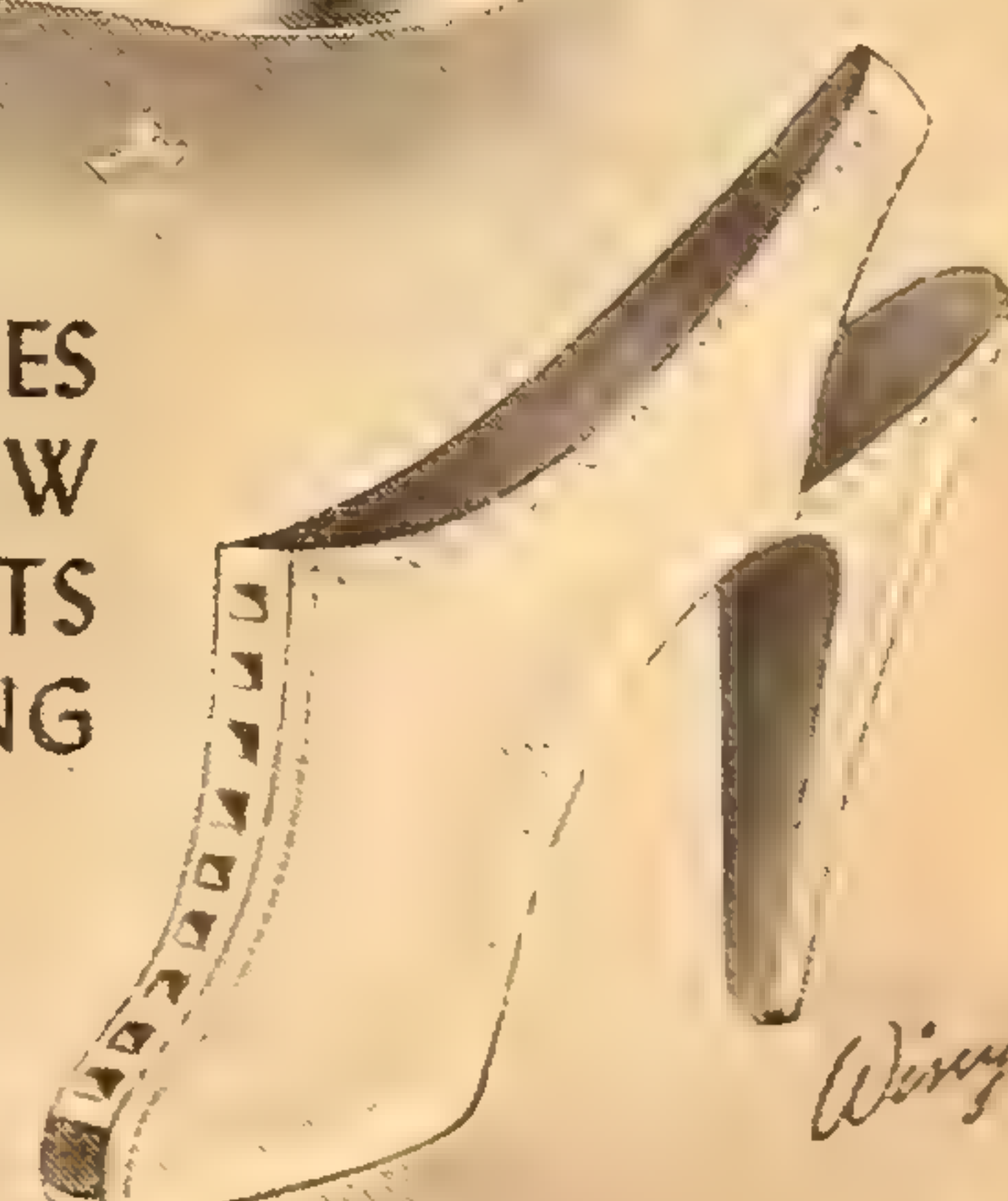
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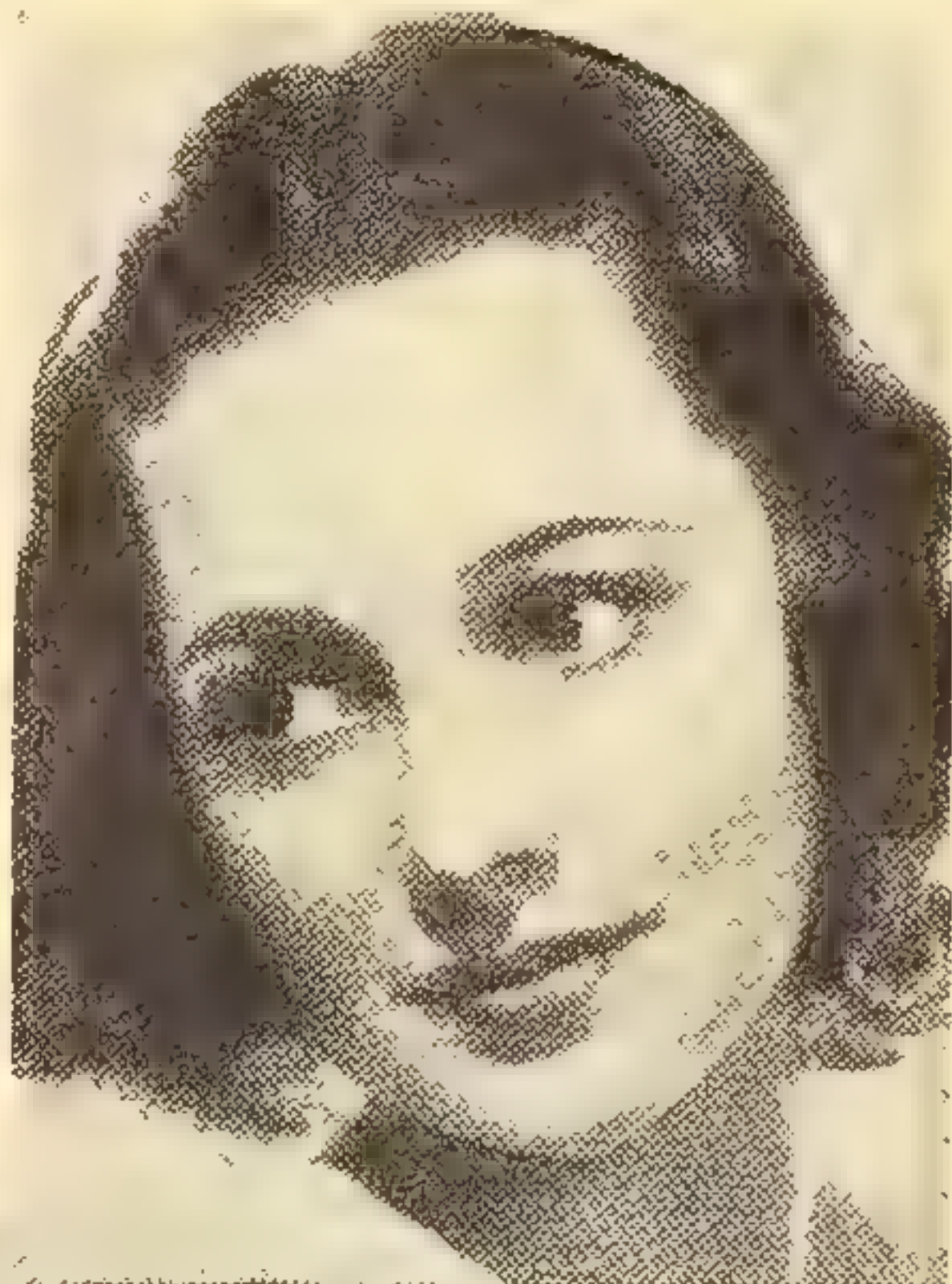
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ELECTROLYSIS

"I Have No Regrets"

Continued from page 51

to make money for the Group Theatre. Unskilled in the ways of talking pictures, he still gave a performance in "Today We Live" that is favored by some as the finest thing he ever did on the screen. It was on this picture that he met Joan Crawford and eventually fell in love. Perhaps Franchot was a bit more wistful in those days. At least the terrific idealism he felt for his profession and his desire to become a better actor were more obviously all-consuming.

Those same ambitions still exist today. If they appear to be a bit buried, it's because some of Franchot's fondest hopes were buried too in an endless chain of unworthy rôles. The change that has taken place in Franchot is more inward than apparent. He never realized until recently that he has so many friends. Helen Broderick, who can spot a phony with her eyes closed, says that Franchot is one of the most regular actors she has met in Hollywood. Bette Davis hopes to be able to work with Franchot again. She tried to get him for "Jezebel" but Franchot turned down the part. After seeing the preview, he sent Bette word and told her how happy he was that he *wasn't* in the picture—she was so doggone good!

Circumstances have forced Franchot to come out of his shell. And I think he is very pleased. Franchot has never known quite what to do about people. Since he has been on his own for the first time since he made good in Hollywood, he's discovered that you don't have to do anything! It used to take him such a long time to unbend. That's why a contact with him was so unflattering and unsatisfactory. Now he has overcome all that, as evidenced when he'd dash out to Warner Brothers to visit with John Garfield on the set. He spent evenings at the Ray Millands' house when they had Ann Sothorn over to play Franchot's favorite cowboy songs. He played tennis with George Murphy and dined weekly with the Norman Fosters. As the result of this new attitude, a great number of people like Franchot who never liked him before.

"My plans for the future are wonderful," Franchot enthuses. "I never did want to tie myself to a long-term contract. Things just happened to work out that way. I don't

want to make so many pictures every year. And I hope to make better ones. I want to spend half my time in pictures and the rest of the time on the stage. I don't want to work as hard as I've had to work as a contract player. It was wonderful experience and I've learned a lot. But the prospect of being a free-lance player has made a new man of me. When I return to Hollywood after the New York run of 'Gentle People' I am going to furnish a small place. After being in New York for a long stretch, I know I am going to be awfully happy to get back to the easy way of living Hollywood has to offer."

Being a single man again it is only natural that Franchot would seek the company of other bachelors. But he would have to be quintuplets to be seen out as often and with as many different girls, as reported by those super-snoopers. Night club press agents have indeed had a field day at Franchot's expense. One morning Franchot read in five different columns that he had been out the night before with five different girls. Actually he had remained home alone in his Beverly Hills apartment. For the first time in fifteen years he had that day gone back to playing his favorite game of golf. His entire evening was spent quite unromantically, soaking his aching feet in a bowl of epsom salts!

On another occasion Franchot went out dancing. He was the extra man in the party. Just as he was enjoying a dance with one of the fair ladies, a cameraman dashed out on the floor and snapped his picture. Franchot did a slow burn. But he didn't behave the way the story was repeated. Knowing from experience the misleading caption that would accompany the printed picture in the morning paper, Franchot offered to buy the negative. When Franchot related this incident as it had actually happened, I said to him, "If you go to those places you should expect such things to happen." In that strange defensive way of his, that has always asserted itself when anyone tries to shove him into the accepted Hollywood mold, Franchot replied: "I didn't want the picture taken. But I wouldn't have minded so much if the man had at least asked if he could take it. I think actors and actresses should be regarded and treated as human beings, even though they partially belong to the public."

There is no denying that at first it was very hard for Franchot to accept Hollywood. And it was equally difficult for Hollywood to accept him. Once when he was particularly upset because he had to climb into a stuffed shirt and attend a dinner party, I accused him of being a guy who wanted his cake, wanted to eat it too, and have some left over for breakfast. "Well, you can't kill a man for trying," he came back at me. But this attitude has entirely disappeared. I still don't think he will ever completely adjust himself to the clinical comradery of Hollywood. But life and living have definitely made him mellow.

Franchot has a pronounced sense of humor. But he was always shy about showing it. Shortly after his separation he was having lunch with Bob Montgomery and Burgess Meredith. There was a time when Franchot always had his lunch alone in his room. He had never tried mixing with others before and now he realizes how much fun he missed. Not once has Franchot ever talked about the crack-up of his marriage. But at this lunch table, with tongue in cheek, he made this wry remark: "Imagine my embarrassment when I left home. I didn't belong to any club that I could move to," he said.

So later he joined the Bel Air Country



Len Weissman Photo

Judy Garland's escort at one of the pre-views was Johnny Downs.

Club and had a wonderful time. In fact he seems to be having a wonderful time, most of the time. He kept a horse at the Bolan stables and often went riding with its proprietors, Bob Young and Alan Jones. He went hunting and fishing with Bob Davis, his stand-in, who became Bob Montgomery's stand-in when Franchot went to New York. (Franchot fixed this up with Montgomery).

As a definite example of how much the man has changed, I won't forget in a hurry the dinner Franchot gave to celebrate the completion of his rôle in his last picture for M-G-M. Bob Montgomery and Burgess Meredith were there to help Franchot make it an occasion. Champagne was on the table. Tone couldn't have been in better form. Taking the champagne cork he held it over a lighted candle. Then, using the blackened end, he proceeded to paint on his face—a Hitler moustache. Next he did Charlie Chaplin. And once upon a time the reserved Franchot Tone had condemned himself as a poor mixer.

Many have wondered just how deeply Franchot was affected by the separation. I doubt if there is anyone who actually knows. Franchot is always interested in hearing about Joan. He's always happy to hear of her progress. Quite often he stopped by her set for a visit. One day he happened by just as they started to take a scene. "Pupchen," his own dog that he had left with Joan, spied him first. Yelping and wagging like mad, Pupchen went tearing down the sound stage. Several hundred dollars worth of Metro's time and talent meant nothing in Pupchen's young life. Just a short time before, Margaret Sullivan had been visited by her daughter, Brook Hayward. This young lady too had spoiled a scene by gurgling and goosing at the wrong time. Director Frank Borzage



Len Weissman Photo

Walter Wanger, Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland and Joan Bennett made up this happy foursome attending one of Hollywood's gay night-clubs.

announced that he would interview actresses in the future and find out first if they were the proud possessors of dogs or babies.

October the eleventh was Joan and Franchot's third anniversary. Early in the morning before he left for work, Joan sent many bunches of flowers to Franchot's apartment to start his day. That afternoon Joan received a huge flower basket that completely covered one wall of her sitting room. On the handle alone were tied a

dozen orchids. That they have remained friends is apparent. What their plans are, whether they will include divorce or reconciliation, only the future can tell. Rest assured that all those rumors pro and con are to be discounted one hundred percent. Just what goes on in the hearts of Joan and Franchot, only those two fine people know. In the meantime a changed Franchot Tone optimistically looks forward to the good things that are sure to come.



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"I became terribly rundown. I lost weight and my nerves were simply on edge. Then I bought Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt lots peppier and in 2 months I gained 8 lbs. With my new pep and new figure I've gained many new friends."

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

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Don Russo, Phila., Pa.



Anne Johnston



Don Russo

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Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness **TONIGHT!** 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

when they practice. It's loads of fun."

Grand fun in her own grandstand. But I hadn't seen anything yet, as Al Jolson used to say. Jane's double-decker playhouse turned out to be the real eye-opener. Just beyond a huge swimming pool, it revealed a Wonderland which even Alice might have envied. Aside from a long playroom for Jane and her little friends, it included a room with games for grown-ups, a guest room with a bed and everything, shower and dressing rooms, and servants' quarters. But that playroom—whew! In it were more than 800 dolls. Jane had no end of them picturesquely grouped in what she called "cases." But these were really scenes, historical and otherwise, complete in detail as elaborate stage productions. Producer, Jane Withers. She had put on the whole show. Then there were other dolls who just sat around making themselves at home. One, fondly shown me, was the old rag doll Jane had brought with her to Hollywood. Now and then she would speak of this or that one by name. It seemed incredible she could remember more than 800 names. "Oh, yes," she said simply, "I know all their names."

Here, there and everywhere, her mental and physical activities ran neck-and-neck. We brought up at one end of the room before an awfully good framed caricature of Charlie Chaplin. "You did this?" I inquired. She nodded and smiled. "Just for fun."

Presently, with a little curtsy, she excused herself and bustled out. "Surprise," mysteriously whispered her mother, with a twinkle in her eye.

There was no guessing what it might be till we got back to the ranch house. Then Jane popped out of a door and said, "Will you come in here, please?" And there was a table all set for tea! Jane did the honors, pouring and passing the sandwiches and cakes. She was trying, her mother explained, for a hostess badge in the Girl Scouts. Well, that badge was already as good as pinned on her deserving chest.

All the time there was lively, interesting talk. It went back to days in Hollywood when there wasn't any afternoon tea and mighty little cake for the two lonely strangers from Atlanta, Ga. "It was seven months before we even got through a studio gate," recalled Mrs. Withers. "Jane was eight then. When at last we did get inside there didn't seem to be any chance for her. All she had was two or three little print dresses plain as herself, and

with her straight hair she couldn't hope to compete with fluffy-haired little girls all dressed up. The casting director would go down the line picking pretty blonde children and passing right by Jane without giving her a second look."

"I wasn't much to look at," grinned Jane.

"We had agreed to go back home at the end of six months," her mother was saying, "if by that time Jane hadn't found something. Mr. Withers, who was with an automobile supplies company in Atlanta, sent us a hundred dollars a month. Even so, we found it hard to make both ends meet. Thirty-five dollars went for rent of a single apartment at first, but later we moved to one for twenty-five. We had no automobile, so each time we went to an outlying studio by bus or streetcar the trip would cost us a dollar. Often when we got back without a thing to show for it I'd sit down and have a big cry. It all seemed so hopeless."

"I always felt sure things would turn out all right, and would tell mumsey so," said Jane.

"We stuck," resumed Mrs. Withers, "and seven months had nearly gone by when Jane finally got her first movie job. It was as an extra in 'Handle With Care,' at seven-fifty a day. We thought that wonderful, and bought a box of candy."

"But when the picture was shown," related Jane, "mumsey and I went to see it and couldn't find me in it. We were so disappointed! Then daddy wrote that he had gone without his lunch for three days in Atlanta so he could hunt for me in the picture and that the third time he saw the back of my head."

Jane could laugh at that now. But that early struggle was still no laughing matter to her mother. "Our first landlady introduced us to another of her tenants who was in pictures, thinking he might be able to help in getting Jane started. I remember his exact words: 'Madam, you have a cute, bright little girl, but the town is full of them. I advise you to take her right back to Atlanta. There isn't a chance for her here.' What a blow that was! We didn't quite get over it till Jane was given her first part, that of the brat in 'Bright Eyes,' with Shirley Temple."

"I got it by giving an imitation of a machine gun," laughed Jane, then popping right and left with rattling effect.

"Do George Arliss and one or two of your others," suggested her mother. Magically, the austere British actor, monocle and all, was sitting there of a sudden having afternoon tea with us in the true English manner. Next, Zasu Pitts fluttered tremulously into the party. Then Greta Garbo, in melancholy tone and face to match, let us know she wanted to be alone. Finally, Charles Laughton, of all people, pulled a mug calculated to sour the cream in the small pitcher beside the silver teapot. What a free show it was! Watching it delightedly, I marveled at that child-star's versatility. It was done with such effortless ease that I couldn't help wondering whether Jane felt her acting in pictures to be work.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "It's like play, lots of fun. If I was not in pictures I'd walk around in circles."

That being the case, it was assumed Jane would continue to be an actress when she grew up. "Yes," she agreed. "But then I want to be a character actress, not the kind that sobs all the time. And in between I want to solve mysteries. How? By being a lady detective. Yes, a real one, not the screen kind."

Full as she was of surprises, I wasn't prepared for that one. But Mrs. Withers



Leota, fourth Lane sister, makes her film debut in a Vitaphone short.

BRADNA DRIVE



"Bradna Drive" was named for pretty Olympe. And is she proud!

took it very calmly, merely remarking: "Jane has had this sleuth idea in her head for some time. If it isn't one thing it's another."

"And I want to write biographies," added Jane for the other thing.

"She has written the act she does on the stage, and it's all in rhyme," her mother informed me. "She is allowed to have four weeks away from the studio each year for her stage appearances. Last week she was in San Francisco, and next week it's Detroit. Of course, I go with her. And I'm with her all the time at the studio. It pays me a salary, of course, for my work. Then Mr. Withers has his own wholesale business here, so we're all doing something. Jane's up at seven, and after breakfast we run through her dialogue for that day. We're off to the studio at eight-thirty and back home again by six. It has been like that ever since she was given her first starring picture, 'Ginger,' on her ninth birthday."

And now, in three short years, Jane Withers had built not only fame as one of the ten biggest box-office stars in the world but a home almost as big as her drawing-power. That meant a lot of money. Quite frankly, her mother told me Jane was paid \$2,500 a week by Twentieth Century-Fox and \$5,000 a week for her stage performances.

"Best of all," was her mother's opinion, "she is doing what both of us have always wanted her to do."

"When," I was curious to know, "did you decide to have Jane become an actress?"

"Before she was born," was the astounding reply. "The fact of her being one is, I suppose, the result of pre-natal influence. You see, I myself wanted to be an actress, but my parents wouldn't let me. So I was determined my child should be one. Not only that, but before her birth I was so sure I'd be the mother of a girl that I'd already named her Jane because it was a short name and would take up only a little room in lights on the marquee of a theater. That's the way I felt about it, and that's the way it has been."

Taking time out to draw a long breath, I asked Jane how she felt about everything she had done.

"W-well," she considered, "I always wanted a house with a white fence around it and lots of room for pets. But mother has done everything. All I've done is acting and things."

That's all!



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two great Hollywood stars. They are happily married and have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this particular, fashionable hair-do. It ties in a small curly cluster at back of neck.

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Building Up to an Awful Let Down

Continued from page 33

her boudoir mirror—and really the effect was pretty nifty. I felt very Crawfordish. Over at Bette Davis' studio apartment for tea, we discussed acting. Really I'd never thought of its technical side. Bette told me to throw myself right into a part and to both think and feel a rôle. She said never to look at the camera without thinking exactly what the director tells you to—or you'll appear slightly vacuous. After leaving Bette, I bumped into Bill Haade and Mushy Callahan. They said that any girl going into pictures should at least reduce a few pounds, because the camera always makes you look at least ten pounds heavier. They took me over to the Warner gym and cut out a wide belt from the inner tube of an automobile tire. They told me to wear it tight around my waist and hips and walk two miles every day. Warner stars do this and lose as much as ten

won a rôle in "Union Pacific." It was the picture with the strip-lashes—and Cecilia Parker called me up to congratulate me and little six-year-old Joan Carol, the 20th Century-Fox starlet, telephoned and said that I looked just like a real glamor girl—in the paper. One or two of my boy friends sent telegrams and flowers addressed to "Miss Glamor-Girl Mann" and "Miss Movie Star-Mann." So you can't blame me when I began thinking in dramatic terms. When the elevator boy asked for my autograph, I knew the word had fairly got around in Hollywood that I was in the movies now!

I arrived at Cedar City, Utah, with a beautiful pioneer dress bedecked with ribbons and lace to wear in the film. "Union Pacific" is a pioneer epic, based on the building of the first transcontinental line across the United States. The troupe num-



The possibilities of a coat hanger are demonstrated by Frank McHugh. First he made a hat rest and next the contraption to hold his telephone receiver.

pounds in one week. They also gave me their stars' diet schedule. It featured lettuce, string beans, grape juice, tomato juice, grape fruit, raw apples, spinach and an occasional bit of broiled lamb chop. Incidentally it only prescribes lunch and dinner—and if you insist on gorging yourself with breakfast it permits you to feast on one cup of black, sugarless, creamless coffee or a glass of unsweetened grapefruit juice.

On the way home, I stopped off at Max Factor's and acquired a beautiful movie-star-make-up box. Max Junior spent an hour with me showing me how to make up my mouth like Hedy Lamarr. I was simply speechless when he pasted some glamorous strip eyelashes on my lids. I hied myself right out to Ray Jones at Universal Studio. He takes portraits of Deanna Durbin, Danielle Darrieux, Connie Bennett and other glamor girls. I asked him to please snap me before my strip lashes came off—and he did, and what the strip-lashes and glamor-lighting can do for a girl! I'd never have recognized myself. The next two days I stayed home and practiced walking like Crawford before my mirror and making up my mouth *a la* Lamarr. The night before we left for the Utah location, I discovered my picture in the paper—well, about post-stamp size, saying that I had

bering some two hundred people from Hollywood stayed in the Union Pacific Hotel. The best accommodations not to mention food, were ours. I never realized before just how much effort is put forth by the studios for the comfort of the actors and actresses. The first day I arose leisurely about nine o'clock and drove my own car out to the location some five miles to the west of the town. There was desert, sagebrush, and cedar as far as I could see. It was also bitter cold and I was amazed to see the camera crew and location director Art Rosson wearing earmuffs and two overcoats and even scarfs tied around their heads. Being late November zero weather had set in, but the company was determined to make the scenes realistic and out-of-doors. I wandered around, hither and thither, visiting with everyone, and enjoying myself. We had chicken for lunch served under a great tent and in the afternoon I sat in my car with the heater going full blast and music from the radio—and thought what a lark it was on location watching them make movies. That night we had a wonderful dinner with the entire troupe in a special dining room. Later we gathered around the big log fireplace in the hotel lobby and told stories and danced to the radio. Some fun, these locations, and being in pictures! Everyone seemed inter-

ested, and a few, I discerned, secretly amused that I was to become one of them, a movie actress, the next day.

I was seeing the movie profession through rose-colored glasses, until the unit manager burst the first bubble of my illusions by informing me that I should retire at nine p.m. so's to be fresh for a five thirty a.m. call next morning. Somehow, I'd never given much serious thought to this strenuous early rising on the part of the film stars. But I can tell you when I crawled out to answer my call at five thirty, some two hours before daylight, it didn't seem very glamorous. By six o'clock lights were on throughout the hotel and everyone was scurrying around. We sat down to breakfast before seven. A half hour later we actors and actresses were registering for the day's work with the unit business manager. Presenting our social security numbers we were given voucher checks of five dollars each for the day's work. These had to be counter-signed at night before being cashed. We were packed in big busses and

on my feet. Taking a tube of Factor's No. 2A for female juveniles' make-up, I blended it into my skin. Carefully I drew a Hedy Lamarr mouth. Then the eyebrows, a bit of shadowing as I'd seen Virginia Bruce do many times, and then those perfectly gorgeous long strip-lashes. They weren't so easy, but I had patience and finally the glue and they cemented a friendship. I took out my Ray Jones glamor picture—and I looked pretty much the same. I donned my dress and sallied forth, ready to become a glamor girl!

"Hey! Hold on!" the costume manager yelled. He came over and swung me around, and gasped. With pride and satisfaction, I smiled, happy because I had achieved enough glamor to make even a seasoned Paramount Studio costume man gasp. Secretly I thought I must look pretty good.

"But *that* isn't the costume you're supposed to wear!" he said catching his breath.

"Well, probably not,—I brought it with me. Don't you think it's pretty?" I asked.



Then he got to work on this smoke-while-you-shave device and the book holder. The genius thought them all up himself between scenes of "Dodge City."

set forth for the location. Since I was now working for the company, I was not allowed any special privileges, or to drive my own car out on the set. You have to work up to stardom for those luxuries, I learned.

Barbara Stanwyck's hairdresser was my seat partner on the bus, and between yawns, I asked her how she could possibly like a business that gets you up so early. She replied that she often hops out of bed at four thirty to reach the studio to do some elaborate hairdress at five thirty a.m. The star's tresses would be dry by six thirty and combed and ready by seven a.m. for the location call. But she said Barbara Stanwyck or Carole Lombard or whoever was starring in the picture had to be up at the same hour as herself. That was just a film star's life.

We arrived out in the desert long before the sun and were ushered into the costume tent. I delved into my bag and pulled forth my gorgeous dress and box of Factor glamor. I knew it would be cold outside, but Marlene Dietrich once told me that to achieve slim curves she scarcely wore anything under her dresses; in fact, nothing more than a slip. So for the safe of slimness, I donned just one thin petticoat. With great care I pulled on Joan Crawford's exquisite hose. I placed some dainty slippers

"Yes, far too pretty. I'm afraid I'm going to ask you to take it off," he sighed. "I don't suppose you've read the script, but the women in 'Union Pacific' were hard-working, persevering pioneers. They had to battle the elements and endure hardship and privation. I don't think one of them ever looked like you do."

"Maybe not," I agreed in a very small voice.

"I know that any girl entering pictures wants to look as beautiful and glamorous as Claudette Colbert," he said soothingly, "but in this instance you picked the wrong picture to look that way in. Now if you'd been a show girl in 'Cafe Society' or one of the musicales, you could have worn chiffon hose and sex-appeal mouth and seductive lashes to your heart's content. But this is a pioneer epic, sister, and I'm going to have to make a pioneer girl out of you."

"Yes, sir," I agreed, not any too happy about the situation, but ready to do or die for my career in pictures.

"If you stepped one foot outside of this tent dressed as you are, you'd freeze into a statue," he warned me. "You'll have to wear at least four or five heavy petticoats under a warm dress, and heavy stockings and sturdy shoes." And as if that blow wasn't enough he added, "You'll have to



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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER

take that make-up off. Absolutely no make-up is being used by the pioneer women."

I stumbled back to the inner tent and got rid of all my glamor. Off came the strip lashes, and next my Crawford hose and my fancy dress. I was handed heavy woolen stockings, black sturdy leather slippers, five petticoats and a full woolen skirt, a heavy basque waist, a torn apron, a blanket shawl and a gingham sunbonnet. By the time I put on my dress over all of my underskirts, I had no visible waistline, let alone hips. I looked like something comfortably overstuffed.

All that morning I sat in a warm box car on a siding with other actors waiting to be called for a scene. After lunch our

call came. Up to this time, I had no idea just what I was to do. The next surprise came when an assistant director began explaining my part to me. They were going to use me in a wash-day sequence. Of all things! Together with the six other women, I was to wash clothes in the pioneer construction camp, while some two hundred men close by, laid ties and rail for a new track. "But," the assistant director assured me, "you are getting a big break. You will work directly in front of the camera."

Looking the way I did, I wasn't so sure that that *was* a break, but I managed a weak smile just the same. There were three washtubs around a fire, over which two huge iron cauldrons held boiling water. It

developed that I was to walk over to the cauldrons and fill my deer-skin and wooden bucket with water and pour it into one of the washtubs where a woman was rubbing men's woolen underwear on a board.

Now I had supposed that "extras" and "bit players" didn't need to know much about acting—that they were mostly just atmosphere. But here I was due for a surprise. They actually earn their money by acting.

"When the bell on the locomotive begins clanging, you must look surprised, scan the horizon and see hundreds of Indians in war paint headed straight for your camp. You must look terrified, drop your buckets, and run up that ladder of steps into the bunk car."

It was a good thing I was to register terror, for I became so suddenly struck with stage-fright that I just naturally looked my part. We rehearsed the scene a dozen times. I never was any good at running up steep stairs, let alone twenty steps on a wooden ladder, and I can assure you those voluminous skirts dragging behind were no help. Each time I made the run, I felt like Paul Revere as I breathlessly reached the safety of the car. A man, who may or may not have been my movie pioneer husband, was right behind me with his shot-gun, and always on the tenth step he would give me a push that would boost me to the top one.

With each rehearsal, I'd hope to goodness it was the last. I had such a fear of tripping on those skirts and being the cause of spoiling a perfectly good scene. I only wished that I could have been 'way in the background. And especially so, since at regular intervals the assistant cameraman would call out, "That girl in front, her face is too white." And I who had been drinking glasses full of orange juice for weeks to achieve a Virginia Bruce camelia com-



Buddy Westmore, make-up artist, assures us it's a pleasure to do little make-up repair jobs on beautiful girls, especially when they're as lovely as Alice Faye.

SEX PROHIBITION HITS THE MOVIES!

May Screen Guide shows censorship at work by revealing "killed" scenes; stills from "out-law" films; movies before cutting—and after! See for yourself why the screen needs censors.

Screen Guide's stark exposés, written by honest, unbiased editors, make readers write: "Hollywood should be thankful for the magazine that calls a spade a spade—I am!" You will be, too!

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"I'd Rather Be a Mother Than a Movie Star!"
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Buy "The Movies' Own Picture Magazine" today—10c



SCREEN GUIDE - 10¢



Buddy Dutton is surprised at Sandy's table manners. The party was for Sandy's fifth birthday and given by Ann Gillis, who plays ANNIE in "Little Orphan Annie."

plexion had to be daubed up with hideous brown make-up, so's to look more weather beaten! I can assure you it was a terrible let-down for a girl making her first movie debut, and who'd been practicing glamor all these years.

After sixteen "takes," wherein I so threw myself "Bette-Davis-style" into my rôle that in my terror of the Indians I wildly flung the bucket of boiling water onto the make-up man's toes, director Cecil B. De-Mille said it was Okay. I was worn to a frazzle with all of the running away from the Indians, and was ready to call it a day. But no, we'd only earned about three dollars' worth of our five dollar pay check, so we must repeat the scene from two more camera angles. I never learned, but I think the Indians raided our camp and scalped us all. I do know that my movie husband, or perhaps he was my sweetheart, with the shotgun, (I never did learn just what our status was), fell under a flying arrow from

a war-chief's bow, and that ended our scene.

At five o'clock the sun had set and it was too dark to continue, so we were loaded in big busses and taken back to the hotel. I for one, and every other member of the troupe, was absolutely dead with fatigue. When Katharine Hepburn used to tell me that she always went straight to bed after a day before a movie camera, I had regarded it as a good publicity story. But honestly, I was so worn out that I could hardly drag myself to bed. The first night I was able to take a bath and have a sandwich sent up to nibble at. I had no strength whatsoever to join the crew down in the dining room. It seemed that I'd hardly begun to sleep, when the phone rang and the unit man said, "Time to get up. It is five thirty a.m."

Every day I was up at dawn and tearing about acting before a camera. On the other hand a job of writing about the movie boys and girls enables you to sleep until at least eight o'clock and then a leisurely day, visiting some star at the studio, or golfing at the Lakeside club or lunch at the Brown Derby, and the dinner and dancing at the Trocadero, or a movie premiere and a party later. You can see for yourself just how the two compare. Of course if you worked up in this profession, and became one of those few "one in ten thousand extras who reach stardom," like Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer, then you've got something. And the hardship of acting could easily be dispelled if you had done most of it looking up into the eyes of Clark Gable or Gary Cooper.

After a week I returned to Hollywood, ten pounds lighter by my daily stint of running up twenty ladder steps and away from Indians. I didn't wear any rubber belt or diet; just being an actress was enough to wear me down. I can feel for Ginger Rogers, who's always dancing up and down steps in her films. My nose was burned from the wind and cold weather, with not so much as a pat of powder all those days to protect it. The elevator boy glanced at me wonderingly when I reached home. I spent the next two days in bed, with my telephone plugged, resting up. It isn't publicity when you read about the stars going to a hospital for a week's rest on completing a movie. My experience showed me that they really have to. Imagine keeping up that acting-pace for weeks and weeks, six or eight at the least as most stars do. And I'm an athletically inclined girl, and I can dance as late as anyone and be as fresh the next morning; but being in the movies was just too much. Perhaps the deflation to my vanity was fifty percent of it. Imagine being just a washwoman when you started out to be a glamor girl!

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Jeanette Packs Her Bag Continued from page 61

Metropolitan—it was an American concert tour. While in France several years ago she went on a tour that took her from Paris to the Riviera back to Paris, and the music-loving French simply went hysterical over the beautiful American girl with the red hair and high Cs. That wasn't what Jeanette wanted—she wanted an American tour.

Then came Hollywood again, with Jeanette more popular than ever with her fans, a strenuous contract with Metro and no time to call her own. So for the past two years now Jeanette has been planning carefully for the time to come when her contract would expire and she could take that tour without any studio interference. The contract has expired—"Broadway Serenade" is her last picture on it—and before she signs up for another picture Jeanette means to get in three months of concert singing.

She doesn't want to appear in the concert halls of the big cities (New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington); maybe next year, but not this time. Her idea is to visit the smaller cities of the Middle West where she feels she will find her real friends and fans. She doesn't want ostentation, she wants simplicity. She will do three concerts a week—which means getting on and off trains at all kinds of outrageous hours, and stopping at hotels where the cuisine is a bit commercial to say the least. "I'll love it," says Jeanette when her friends shake their heads sadly. "Hollywood hasn't made a softie out of me." She expects to sing seventeen numbers at each concert, and they will be mostly classical songs and operatic arias. For encores, "If there are any encores," Jeanette who is the violet of the world when it comes to her voice, adds, "I'll sing songs from my pictures."

Gene, who is studying eight and nine hours a day on his music, will give himself a vacation around Easter time and he and Jeanette will celebrate the holidays together in New Orleans. At the end of the tour he will meet her again and they will take an automobile trip through Canada. And don't let any little busybody try to tell you that the MacDonald-Raymond marriage is breaking up. Jeanette and Gene are two of the most-in-love people I have ever seen. "And I have eyes to see with"—shades of Bing.

Jeanette was rehearsing with her accompanist when I arrived at the Mac-Raymonds', so I sort of snook in and seated myself as inconspicuously as possible on the couch, within reaching distance of the candy. That's one thing I like about Jeanette—she always keeps a box of candy handy. And I must say the place was a mad house.

"Da - da - di - di - di - da"—went the accompanist.

"Depuis le jour," went Jeanette opening her mouth wide, "Depuis le jour, Depuis le jour. That's terrible. Once more please, Depuis le jour—"

"Miss MacDonald," interrupted Miss Grogg, Jeanette's secretary, "are you taking your jewelry?"

"Depuis—no, of course not. Do you think I want to look like a—a—a movie star?"

"But Miss MacDonald," argued Miss Grogg patiently, "the necklace, please, at least the necklace?"

"No, dear, *not* the necklace," with that coldness that always precedes an explosion in a singer, "I won't have my audience watching that star sapphire rising and falling on my chest while I sing. I *won't* have it. It will make me nervous. All

right, pack the necklace. But please go away."

"Da — da - da - da - di-di-di —"

"Miss MacDonald," it was the maid this time, "your mother is on the phone and wants to know if you can drop by there for a few moments this afternoon."

"No, I can't possibly. Tell her that all my coats are at the tailor's having the shoulders padded, and I can't step out of the house until he brings them back. Tell Mother I'll phone her later. All right, now—Depuis—"

"Miss MacDonald," it was Miss Grogg again, "Miss Ferguson just sent this over. Thought you might like to read it. It's a letter from your concert manager." And she read:

"And now for the most remarkable thing that I have ever come across in my entire career. We had two letters from two different people in Pikeville, Kentucky, a little town one hundred miles from Lexington, where the C & O branch ends in the mountains. These two people wanted you to come there and give a concert. They said they had a hall that seated 400 and they wanted you to stop off either the night before or the night after Lexington. I wrote them that it was impossible as the tour was already booked and that their house was a little too small for a concert anyway. I dismissed the matter from my mind. A week ago yesterday I had a call from the Cashier of the Chemical National Bank downtown, who said, 'I have had a long distance call from Pikeville, Kentucky, with instructions to get Jeanette MacDonald. They feel you do not understand the situation. Pikeville is a town of 5000 in a county of 50,000 with two banks that have deposits of over two million dollars. The Cashier of the First National Bank is a musician and has told me to accept any price you will name for Miss MacDonald.'"

"Why, that is sweet," said Jeanette, deeply impressed. "You know, it's *sweet*. Wire him, Miss Grogg, and tell him to do everything possible to arrange a concert in Pikeville. Oh, is that my dress from Irene's? Is it time for my fitting already? Please tell her to wait—just a few minutes. Let-me-see-that-dress! Green—green—is *that* the shade of green I selected?"

"You're taking an awful chance, Miss MacDonald," contributed Miss Grogg. "What will green look like under purple lights! And remember some of the halls you are singing in have little better than gelatine slides."

"My hair—my hair—in a purple light!" moaned Jeanette. "I'll look like a Zombie. Red hair, green dress, purple light! Oh, *why* did I ever plan a concert tour!"

"Miss MacDonald," it was the maid this time, "Mr. Fidler is on the phone and wants to know if it is true that you are divorcing Mr. Raymond."

I think it was just about that time that the Queen of the movies (Jeanette was elected Queen this year in a nation-wide popularity poll) sat right down in the middle of the floor and cried. Well, I decided, this is no time for an interview, so grabbing another piece of candy I began to tip-toe out of the room.

"Oh, hello," said Jeanette looking up through her tears. "You wanted an interview, didn't you? What is the story to be about?"

"The title of it," I said, gulping hard, "is 'THE NEW PEACE IN JEANETTE MACDONALD'S HEART.'"

Well, one of us laughed the loudest, but I don't know which one of us it was.



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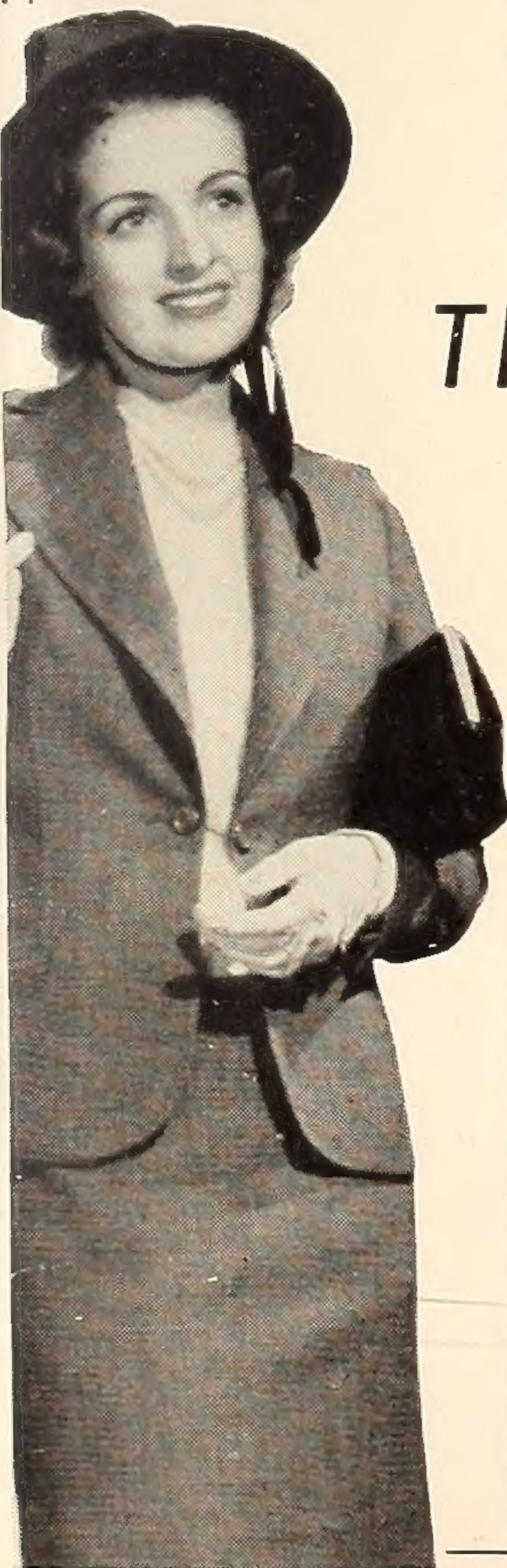
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